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MR. DISRAELI'S ADDRESS.

MR. DISRAELI'S long delay in issuing his address had not unnaturally excited a general expectation of some ingenious device for extricating his party from an untenable position; but, of all the probable events which are said never to happen, anticipated surprises are followed by the most inevitable disappointment. If the Conservative party is astonished on the present occasion, it can only admire the consistency and political orthodoxy of its resolute leader. Instead of apologizing or shifting his ground, Mr. DISRAELI boldly claims the gratitude of the country for the past services of his Government, and challenges unbounded confidence for the future. To his party he presents himself with perfect right as the legitimate successor of Lord DERBY, whose policy had, in fact, long been decided by his daring and versatile lieutenant. If government and legislation have been satisfactorily conducted since 1866, Mr. DISRAELI is fully entitled to the credit of successful administration; but it is only a Prime Minister in title as well as in reality who can address a constituency in the ordered and stately paragraphs which are ordinarily appropriated to a Speech from the Throne. The Buckinghamshire address is set forth by authority as a confession of faith to be henceforth substituted by Conservative candidates for their own vague or schismatic utterances. Their leader has perceived that many of them, in default of guidance, were wandering into general phrases scarcely distinguishable from Liberal commonplaces. Some of them have intimated that the Reform Bill went too far, or that it was still imperfect; or perhaps they expressed their willingness to reform abuses in the Irish Church, while they opposed total spoliation. If the anarchy of Conservative opinion had been prolonged, there was reason to fear that the party would, for the sake of bare life, sacrifice all its reasons for living. Mr. DISRAELI himself has on some occasions shown on a large scale the same appreciation of the advantages of simple vitality; but a mob of candidates cannot be trusted to educate itself, or to discern the proper occasion for overbidding an adversary. The Buckinghamshire liturgy contains no form of political confession. It is as a virtuous and injured party, possessed by the deepest convictions, that the Conservatives will stand or fall at the impending election.

Mr. GLADSTONE will probably issue some document of the same kind for the instruction and encouragement of his supporters; but although he may be equally acute with his rival, and possibly sounder in his reasoning, he will scarcely succeed in rivalling the plausible roll of Mr. DISRAELI's complacent sentences. There is a pleasure in being led at short intervals to one climax after another, even though the sceptical reader may doubt whether a Reform Bill "in unison with the character of the country" was also in harmony with Mr. DISRAELI's repeated denunciation of projects for lowering the borough franchise. Only three years ago, in his last election address, Mr. DISRAELI took credit to himself for resisting the very measure which he now boasts that he has carried. In 1865 household suffrage had not acquired the qualities by which it is now to "add strength and stability to the State." It is a more plausible assertion that the influence of England has been used for the promotion of peace and civilization; and that the Abyssinian war has secured "for HER MAJESTY'S forces the admiring respect of Europe." The increase of the Estimates presents the first obstacle to Mr. DISRAELI's career of self-eulogy; but, without pausing to examine details, he boldly takes it in his stride. The navy had, it seems, been left by the late Ministry in a condition to cause serious anxiety; the fortresses were without artillery; the men were without breechloaders; and the military service was so unpopular that conscription seemed to be impending.

In two years of Conservative Government everything has been changed. The soldier is admirably armed; recruits are coming forward in abundance; and the navy is comparatively efficient. Some of these statements are true, and it is a sound doctrine that economy does not consist in the reckless reduction of estimates; but Mr. DISRAELI's sweeping assertions are less persuasive than General PELL's figures, and suspicion is provoked by his antithetic statement that the expenditure has been defrayed without adding to taxation, and without imposing any burden on posterity. Three millions of additional outlay must have come out of the taxes unless the money was borrowed, and it is wholly immaterial whether there has been any new taxation. The money, or part of it, was in fact judiciously or necessarily spent; but, if it could have been spared, it might have been applied to the reduction of debt, or to the repeal of taxes. Mr. GLADSTONE and Mr. CHILDERS will gladly seize the opportunity of retrieving their partial defeat by exposing the fallacies which Mr. DISRAELI substitutes for the arguments of his late and present colleagues. It is no answer to a charge of an extravagant outlay of three millions, that Sir HENRY STOKES has been instructed to make some improvements in the details of the War Office; but in dealing with finance, as in the rest of his vindication of the Government, Mr. DISRAELI is bent rather on providing his followers with a form of apology than on refuting the accusations to which he has been exposed. Conservatives who are capable of taking a hint will understand that they are neither to puzzle themselves with details, nor to admit that the Government has in any case been in error. The concise proposition about estimates and economy is easy to recollect, and it will be effective when it is repeated.

Fenianism is neatly and sonorously described as a dark conspiracy of foreign military adventurers, acting on the morbid imagination of a small portion of the Irish community. Mr. DISRAELI is justified in the boast that the conspiracy has been thus far repressed without weakness or undue severity; and he is not to be deterred by partial disaffection from doing everything for Ireland which is compatible "with the rights of property and the maintenance of our Protestant institutions." Having summed up the great achievements and noble designs of the Conservative Government, Mr. DISRAELI pauses to contemplate the prosperity which might have been expected to extend from a happy country to a meritorious Ministry. It might at least have been hoped that Mr. DISRAELI and his colleagues would be allowed to ask for "the public verdict on their conduct under the provisions of that great statute" which they had passed in direct contravention of all their former principles. To an adverse verdict they would have submitted without a murmur, retiring into opposition rather for the purpose of co-operating with their rivals than of counteracting their policy; but, unfortunately, Destiny and Mr. GLADSTONE had determined to interrupt the natural current of events. "The leader of the Opposition in the House of Commons seized the occasion of an expiring Parliament, which had proclaimed its inadequate representation of the country, to recommend a change of the fundamental laws of the country, and to propose a dissolution of the union between Church and State." In a subsequent paragraph the little exaggeration by which the Irish Church is assumed to be the Church of the United Kingdom is incidentally corrected; but Mr. DISRAELI probably looks only to principles, disregarding as immaterial all details of application. Sir ARCHIBALD ALISON, in one of his lugubrious statistical chapters, complained that the population of the kingdom, excluding Great Britain, had declined during the Irish famine. By the same figure of rhetoric Mr. DISRAELI inserts England and Scotland on both sides of an equation from which they are afterwards to be eliminated. "Only one portion," he

admits, "of HER MAJESTY'S dominions is for the present to be "subjected to the revolution." Another portion not inconsiderable in extent, as it consists of the whole empire beyond the British Islands, has long since been subjected to a similar revolution, except where there was no Church to destroy; and Scotland itself has wholly changed the form of its connexion with the State. Candidly acknowledging that the members of the Church are in a minority in Ireland, Mr. DISRAELI solemnly replies that, if a local instead of an Imperial gauge is adopted, the religious integrity of the community will soon be frittered away. As against an opponent, Mr. DISRAELI knows better than to rely on arbitrary conclusions from unmeaning premises; but the Buckinghamshire proclamation is addressed, not to enemies, but to admiring followers who may be trusted not to inquire too curiously into the religious integrity of the Irish community. In reproducing the language of their chief they will probably not describe as "secondary" the special reasons for maintaining the Established Church in Ireland. It will also be prudent in ordinary candidates to abstain from drawing the long bow of their ULYSSES when he aims his shafts at the POPE. Some years ago Mr. DISRAELI declared in Parliament that the maintenance of the POPE's temporal power was a fundamental maxim of English policy. He now warns his countrymen that the fall of the Church would place the nation at the mercy of a foreign Prince who would be the residuary heir of transient philosophers and sects. No man knows better than Mr. DISRAELI that Catholic and Protestant Churches alike are menaced by an enemy far more formidable than Rome; but if the POPE is destined to be the victor in the war of religious sects, the triumph will belong, not to the petty Italian potentate, but to the Head of the Latin Church. The statesman who has proclaimed the necessity of maintaining the Roman principality is scarcely entitled to complain that its sovereign is a foreign Prince. The victory will fall "to that Power with whose tradition, learning, discipline, and organization our Church alone has hitherto been able to cope, and that too only when supported by a determined and devoted people." With this marvellous flourish the great performer modestly retires, leaving his audience to recover their self-possession at leisure. If serio-comic adroitness is a kind of art, Mr. DISRAELI never showed himself a more complete artist; but all intellectual triumphs are more or less in accordance with truth and nature, and cynical contempt for the human understanding is not the quality of a statesman. Many politicians doubt whether Mr. DISRAELI is at the end of the resources by which he has hitherto kept the representatives of the minority in office. His magniloquent appeal to genuine Conservative instincts shows that he despairs of detaching any section of Liberals from their party allegiance. In the last resort he falls back on the enthusiasm of that section of his supporters which he most especially despises.

SPAIN.

THE Spanish Revolution has been distinguished by the two chief marks of successful revolutions. It has been complete, and it has been moderate. It is now recognised as an accomplished fact throughout Spain. The Generals who most stoutly opposed it have now given in their adhesion to it, and are proud to range themselves on the winning side. The QUEEN and the QUEEN'S Government were so universally detested that, when the crisis came, it was found that no province, no town, no section of the people, no portion of the army or of the navy, was on the QUEEN'S side. There are not, and scarcely ever have been, any people at all like the BOURBONS for exciting a contempt and hatred that rise above a petty and sectional character, and are without limits and exceptions. This is one great reason why the Revolution has been so complete; and another reason is that the QUEEN, in her anxiety to be safe, had stripped herself of the support of every man of the slightest reputation or ability. There were no personal interests on her side, except the interests of persons unknown to fame, and destitute of all skill and experience in governing. The Spaniards are very proud of this great and rapid result, and the Spanish papers come out every day with fresh assurances to their readers that such a revolution as theirs has been could not have been made in any other country than Spain. There is a great deal of truth in this. We do not know of any other country where such a revolution could have been possible. In other countries, when a revolution takes place, there is a winning side and a losing side; and when the losing side is beaten, it kicks against its fate and adheres to what it considers the principles of its cause. But in Spain the winner wins everything, at least for the moment. There are a certain number

of rules in the game which must be observed, but so long as the game is properly played the loser has no scruples about accepting his fate. In no other country could there have been a Prime Minister and Commander-in-Chief who insisted that the troops of his Sovereign should at once attack a body of insurgents, at all hazard and at every disadvantage, because he himself wished to make up his mind without loss of time whether he should really go in for loyalty or revolution. The same feeling has made the Revolution comparatively temperate and bloodless. Higher reasons have also been at work, and the successful party has been honestly proud of being worthy of the occasion, and of showing how carefully it could respect life and property, and prove itself merciful and generous. One or two very obnoxious persons, men who have committed what even to the Spanish mind seem unpardonable crimes, men who have been cruel in the mere wantonness of military tyranny or have treacherously betrayed their associates, have been consigned to a swift and extreme punishment. But the sentiment of a high-minded indulgence has generally prevailed; and even if there is no truth in the story of the Junta of Santander refusing the offer of having CALONGE given up to them, because they were too busy in tending those whom he had wounded to think of him, the conception of it could only have arisen in minds strung to a high pitch of political generosity. At the same time it must be much easier to forgive enemies in Spain than elsewhere. How is it possible to hate very deeply a general or an official who, directly he sees he is beaten, asks to be allowed to swear eternal friendship with the victors? If the victims of the December *coup d'état* had begged to be permitted to quit their places of confinement because they were so anxious to leave their cards at the Tuileries, and ask after the health of the dear PRESIDENT, political feeling would not have run so high in France as it has done, and Spain would not have had to offer the speciality in revolution which it boasts to be exclusively its own, and on which it piques itself so highly.

All our political news comes from Madrid, and there are no means in England of knowing what is going on in other parts of Spain. In Madrid itself it is those who think they have something to say, and say it in the loudest and most excited way, that naturally attract the attention of newspaper correspondents. There can be no doubt that there are a number of persons in Madrid who are very much elated with what has happened, and who talk wildly enough of what the Revolution is going to do for Spain, and are filled with grand ideas of the glories of the sovereignty of the people and of the triumph of universal liberty. Judging with the calm superiority of experienced critics, the newspaper correspondents pronounce these enthusiasts to be great fools. Whether there is more than a handful of these fools at Madrid, and how well the rest of Spain is supplied with others like them, no Englishman in or out of Spain can pretend to say. But what would the critics have? If those with whom they come in contact have no political enthusiasm, shrug their shoulders, and moralize on the vanity of political changes, then the critics say that the Spaniards are a dull apathetic people, and that the Revolution must fail because no one cares for it. If the loungers at Madrid *cafés* and hotels—who necessarily represent the Spanish nation at a crisis like the present, in the eyes of foreign correspondents, because no one else is accessible—shout for the Revolution, and are proud of it, and think it is the beginning of great things, and the herald of a good time coming, then the critics cry out that such wild notions would never do in England; that England is the august mother of Parliaments, and has a right to say that they are on the wrong tack. To be moderate and guarded and practical is what Englishmen would recommend to their Spanish friends; and if their advice is not taken, they feel themselves obliged to speak the truth, and say the Spaniards are unfit for liberty. Englishmen have always, when the occasion suits them, a most convenient oblivion of their own history, and seem to suppose that they can conceal from foreigners as easily as from themselves the real mode in which the revolutions of which they are most proud have been effected. There never was such a thing as a successful revolution which did not excite enthusiasm; and as enthusiasm, to be effectual, takes a wide range, it naturally associates itself with much credulity and much nonsense. But if there were no Spaniards who thought that the Revolution was going to give them more than outsiders can consider probable, we may be sure that it would give them nothing. It is precisely because this particular Spanish Revolution seems to excite some enthusiasm among persons who, when enthusiastic, are not very wise, that it has a dignity and value in which Spanish revolutions of recent years have been sadly wanting. Popular

enthusiasm is the real vital force of revolutions, and it is only to be stigmatized or condemned when it leads the revolutionary party into one of the two great pitfalls of revolutionists—anarchy, or placing all authority in the hands of new, untried, inexperienced men. To neither reproach is the Spanish Revolution open. There has been no anarchy, no pillaging or shooting or burning, and the revolutionary party has been possessed by a burning desire to place itself under the guidance of men whose previous history gave them a claim to prominence. They have placed themselves at the disposal of a man like SERRANO simply because he has held the harmless office of President of the Senate, because he has been connected with a dozen Governments, and has always been accounted a fairly good soldier and, generally speaking, a respectable sort of person. They idolize PRIM, and get crushed to death in crowds assembled to welcome him, because he is one of the few Spanish generals known beyond Spain, because he has stuck to his principles, and because he has the exact qualities of honour, and sympathy with the people, in which the late QUEEN and her Court were so terribly deficient. A revolutionary party that behaves in this way is entitled to respect, even though some of its more talkative members are too much under the delusion that a millennium will set in directly ignorant peasants are allowed to put balls into a box.

Of the ultimate issue of the Revolution nothing more is known than was known a week ago. Even if the leaders are agreed on a policy, it would have scarcely been possible for them to have let it be known before SERRANO and PRIM were at Madrid. Even now they will probably judge it wiser to wait a little, and let it appear as if their views were determined by the wishes of the nation. Perhaps they have not got further than to have agreed vaguely on some course of action in case it should turn out that the nation has no wishes at all. If a nation could decide on its own form of government by mere voting, it would seem as if Spain had the chance of doing so now. There is nothing, so far as has yet appeared, to precipitate a conclusion. There is no counter-revolution to suppress. Queen ISABELLA has issued from her French retreat a violent protest against the insurrection; and the new Government, in the plenitude of its success, has been able to pass the protest quietly by, as a document of no conceivable significance or importance to any human being but the QUEEN herself and her attendants. Most fortunately, the public treasury happened to be rich in ready money, and thus a difficulty which besets all revolutions has been surmounted by an accident which, of all countries, was least likely to occur in Spain. No foreign Power is exercising pressure, direct or indirect, and the Spaniards are left to do exactly as they please. Some of the best of them, and of their friends out of Spain, have begun to entreat the European, and especially the English, public not to prejudice their case, and not to damp honest minds by pronouncing absolutely that a union with Portugal cannot be effected, or that a Spanish Republic cannot succeed. Those who favour a union with Portugal urge that a union is possible of the kind which existed in this island under the STUART Sovereigns, when the same person was King of Scotland and England, but otherwise the two nations were quite distinct. Those who favour a republic urge that all the real life and activity of Spain lies in her municipal and provincial institutions, and that what she wants is a central Government strong enough to make her secure against foreign enemies, but comparatively powerless at home. Both of these sets of political theorists may be quite sure that, in England at least, there is no disposition to wish for anything but that every plausible theory about Spanish politics should be ventilated and discussed. We are not so enamoured here of the system of stocking all the minor countries of Europe with little German princes, that we can refuse to listen to arguments for a union with Portugal or for setting up a republic. The difficulties and dangers that must beset Spain if either of these courses is adopted seem to us very serious; but if such a thing is possible, we shall delight in seeing two antagonistic populations, not even speaking the same language, united into a powerful kingdom, or a flourishing republic set up in a country that appears to be specially marked with the characteristic vice of republics—the tendency of its parts to separate from each other.

THE POPE AND THE GENERAL COUNCIL.

WE read the POPE's Address to all Protestants and non-Catholics at some disadvantage. It reaches us only through a French version, furnished to the *Moniteur*, and

published in that journal of Monday. And we may, in the first place, complain to HIS HOLINESS of the slovenly and parsimonious way in which he discharges the function so dear to him. He expatiates on his zeal for all Christian souls, and he is assured that he shall have to give account for us all at the Great Day. He, the Good Shepherd—such is his title, and we ought perhaps to write it, "His," entrusted to him by CHRIST Himself our Lord—is bound by the charge of his Supreme Apostolic Ministry to embrace in his paternal charity all men in the whole world, and therefore he addresses this letter to all Christians separated from him. So lofty a purpose might have justified some care in carrying it out. But what has HIS HOLINESS done that his epistle should reach his erring people? Does he expect that the whole human race is bound to read the Government journal of Rome? Is his conscience satisfied that his tremendous responsibility is fulfilled by the cheap and easy method of publishing his behests in an obscure newspaper, and leaving to those most concerned to find out as they can what so nearly concerns their eternal salvation, through the medium of unauthorized versions and newspaper reports? This is the difficulty of a Vicar of CHRIST who has heavenly functions to discharge, and only human means to work with. As it is quite certain, as things stand, that the awful words which concern the immortal destinies of every human being who names the name of CHRIST will not reach one in a hundred thousand of them, it seems to follow that if the POPE has these duties towards all mankind, he ought to have been entrusted with an Archangelic trumpet to address himself to so very large an audience. It is a sad come-down from the appeal *urbi et orbi* to have to hoist it up in a penny Dublin paper. Who knows how many the POPE would not influence if he would be at the trouble of addressing us by some such mundane instrumentality as the penny post? The Archbishop of CANTERBURY, for example; has he, as courtesy would seem to require, received in any authoritative way this communication from Rome, or heaven, or wherever it was indited?

But there is probably a good reason for the method which the POPE has adopted of addressing his goats. He could not look for an answer. We say it with all respect, that the POPE's address was calculated not so much to attract as to repel. He does not condescend to argue; although he assures us that we are enveloped in a cloud of error, he is at no pains to dissipate it; with a bold *petitio principii* he sonorously assumes the very point at issue—the point, be it added, at issue not only between him and his Bishops on the one hand, and the imposing ranks of the vast Oriental Church, our own Church, and the vast Protestant communities of Europe and America, on the other, but the point which has been most keenly debated by the theologians and canonists of the Western Obedience. The POPE's address rests upon one, and upon only one, huge assumption. It is that the POPE, in his single capacity as monarch and autocrat of the Church, advanced to the supreme government of the whole Catholic Church, has the inherent right of prescribing the faith of the Church; that he is the one and supreme legislator as well as administrator. This is what even the Church of Rome has not yet formally decreed, even by the easy method which a few years ago decreed the Immaculate Conception. Ultramontanism—or, in other words, and to express it generally, the personal infallibility and supreme authority of the POPE—is not yet *de jure*. But this is what the POPE assumes; and it is most likely as a step towards what it is understood will be the next Roman development of doctrine, and probably the end aimed at in summoning this so-called Ecumenical Council, that the POPE, in his letter, takes up the position of autocrat. He addresses us, but it is only to assist his next move as regards his own subjects, and to help to settle the vexed question which his predecessors have found to be so inconvenient when denied by BOSSUET, DE MARCA, VAN ESPEN, and the Doctors of the Sorbonne, to say nothing of the Councils of Constance and Basle.

In the meantime let us see what it is the POPE in his exuberant charity offers us. It is, we regret to say, extremely little. He bids us stay at home and pray to be united; at least we hope that he goes as far as this. But as he cannot count much upon the efficacy of the prayers of obstinate heretics, it would be perhaps nearer to the truth if we said that all that the POPE has to say is to invite us to return to his fold. The Vatican Eirenicon is of the simplest—no conditions, no explanations, no discussion of difficulties, no healing of wounds, no solemn canvassing of controversies, no arguments. Return first, and discuss afterwards, when there is nothing to discuss. Might we venture to hint to Archbishop MANNING—who is polite enough to consider the present

attitude of the Church of England towards Pius IX. as exactly similar to the state of things as between GREGORY I. and the Pagans and Goths and Arians of his time—that even ARIUS got a hearing, and was allowed his say? Not so with us. There is a controversy between Rome and those whom Rome calls non-Catholics, as to the, not primacy, but exclusive autocracy of the See of Rome. There is only one way of deciding it—*rixā est ubi tu pulsas, ego vapulo tantum*. All that we have to do is to be kicked, and submit. This is good schoolmaster's language; but, as far as we remember, it is not the old way of dealing with even heresy and schism. The huge series of Councils might have been reduced to a single and very portable volume, had this mode of settling controversy been the Church's old and compendious method. However, if the POPE could make good his position by insolent and truculent assertion of it, we must do him the justice to say that his assumptions are broad enough, and are stated with considerable, not to say vituperative, vigour. "Nobody," observes His HOLINESS, "can deny or doubt that JESUS CHRIST Himself, in 'order to apply to all the sons of men the fruits of His 'Redemption, has built His Church on the person of PETER.' And so His HOLINESS goes on—"everybody sees," "it is impossible to deny," "it is incontrovertible," and so on. What is it that nobody can deny? Precisely that one thing which we all, Greeks and Anglicans, Russians and Protestants, Presbyterians and Sectarians, with one voice do deny. The POPE says, nobody can deny it; therefore we cannot mean what we say when we deny it. He looks out on the present world, and tells us that we do not say what we do say; he looks out on the past world, and says that history has always said what it is notorious that history never has said. He assumes throughout his Address not only the truth of the doctrine of the personal supremacy of the POPE, but also another thing, a mere matter of fact—namely, the uncontradicted and perpetual assertion of the POPE's personal supremacy. We say of this doctrine that it never has been asserted, and was never even heard of, till a comparatively recent period. And we say, moreover, that as soon as the doctrine was announced, it was not only not accepted, but denied and controverted, even by Roman Canonists themselves. This is the French version of his language. "We having, though 'unworthily, been elevated to this Chair of PETER, and 'consequently having been preferred to the supreme government of the whole Catholic Church, and to its administration 'which has been confided to us in a divine manner by CHRIST 'Himself, our Lord.' It used to be, *Roma locuta est, causa finita est*; it is now, *Pius loquitur, causa non est*."

This is the true value of the POPE's Address—that it may be quoted as the most audacious promulgation of the most insolent and most recent development of Roman theology. It is in this sense, as a proof of the lengths to which the extreme Ultramontane party is disposed to go, not only curious, but valuable. It remains to be seen how it will be received in certain Roman quarters. As regards those to whom it is nominally addressed, the POPE himself does not of course expect that it will be received—only it will not be received at all—with any other feeling than something akin to contempt.

One misunderstanding, or misrepresentation, it seems to be well at once to remove. The *Westminster Gazette*—writing, we hope, without having read the POPE's Address—speaks of it as an invitation to those to whom it is addressed to repair to the Œcumenical Council of 1869, adding that the Church will ever be ready to offer explanations, and to labour to remove obstacles to reunion. This is just what the POPE does not do. He does not invite non-Catholics, either in any corporate or a private capacity, to repair to Rome. He simply says that he will pray for them, and bids them be reconciled. Invitation there is none; offers of explanation there are none. We are seriously to lay to heart our condition, and give it up. We are invited to conform, and nothing else. To the Council neither our Bishops nor pastors are asked. And this is the more noticeable because the Orientals are invited. "We raise our voice once more to you, and with 'all the power of our soul we pray you, we warn you, we 'conjure you, to come to this Council, as your ancestors came 'to the Council of Lyons and to the Council of Florence." Such is His HOLINESS' language to the Oriental Bishops, as we find it in his Apostolic Letter of September 8, translated in the *Westminster Gazette*. This Florentine precedent will hardly be reassuring to the Orientals; and though, after all, the summons to them is substantially only what the summons to us is, as the POPE in either case takes up the same position—that of the exclusive supremacy of the See

of PETER, and denies that the Eastern Bishops are really Bishops till they have submitted to him—yet we must remind not only the *Westminster Gazette*, but the *Univers*, that their statement that the POPE has issued anything like an invitation to attend the Council, or rather his Council, to "all 'those whose separation dates from the sixteenth century' is simply untrue. Even if we had been asked, and even were it announced that we should have ample liberty to state our case, we say, as LAUD said more than two centuries ago, "To 'what end freedom of speech, since they are resolved to alter 'nothing?'"

AUSTRIA.

IF puzzles in politics are interesting, the interest attaching to the politics of Austria ought to be very great. There are political problems there waiting to be solved, from the solution of which, if they are solved, all Europe may derive much profitable instruction. Fortunately, the main questions at issue are of a broad and intelligible kind, and thus there are distinct points to which the attention of an Englishman can be directed. It is impossible to suppose that we here can occupy ourselves with the details of the politics of Bohemia and Croatia, with the views of petty local journals written in an unknown tongue, or with the fortunes and purposes of provincial politicians whose names we cannot associate with any sound we know how to frame. But it is not at all necessary to go into details in order to understand something of the three great difficulties which Austria has to meet, and of the mode in which she is now trying to meet them. In the first place, there is the enormous difficulty of conducting the affairs of an Empire divided into two halves. Then there is the difficulty of conducting the affairs of Austria Proper—that is, of Austria as opposed to Hungary—and of consolidating into something like harmony and order the government of a variety of provinces formed of different nationalities and bound together by little except the accident of their union under the Austrian Crown. Lastly, there is the difficulty of devising and carrying out a wise and consistent foreign policy in the face of such powerful neighbours, each with such different views of what Austria ought to do, as France, Russia, and Prussia. Considering the greatness and the pressing nature of these difficulties, the want of experienced statesmen, and the bitterness of local feeling in Austria, the success of the EMPEROR and his advisers has, on the whole, been lately as remarkable as it has been creditable. Mistakes have of course been made, but that was unavoidable. At such a crisis we ought not to ask what errors have been committed, but what good results have been obtained; and that many things have been brought about which it was hard enough to manage to bring about, and which promise to be of solid and lasting benefit to the Empire, there can be no doubt. Hungary, for the present at least, is satisfied. It thinks it has been fairly treated, and is willing to be pleased. Even the old-standing grievance of the neglect of the claims of Hungary over Croatia has been got rid of, and the Hungarians have succeeded in attaching Croatia to them, while the Croats have been soothed by the establishment of a complete administrative independence. The only vexed question between the two provinces—the right to Fiume—is, it is said, to be settled by a decisive measure prepared under the care of the EMPEROR's Government. In return for all this, the Hungarians have shown themselves moderate and amenable to reason, and the opposition of the extreme party has been steadily discouraged in the Diet. Perhaps this happy state of political feeling may be not a little due to the good time, in point of money, through which the Hungarians have recently passed. They have found their abundant harvest supplying them with cash, and Pesth has found its credit good enough to enable it to borrow a sum of money, large according to Hungarian ideas, and with which, in the enthusiasm of inexperience, it proposes to do about ten times as much as its financial resources will allow.

It is almost always found in politics that, directly a great question is in some degree settled, little questions become troublesome. To deal with Galicia and Bohemia seems a small task after having dealt successfully with Hungary. But Galicia and Bohemia must be attended to in their turn, and there appears to be much vexation and worry in attending to them. Austria is a whole as regards Hungary, but in itself it is cut up into a number of distinct provinces. Under the new system of liberal government each of these provinces has a Diet of its own, and these Diets meet at the period of the year when the Reichsrath suspends its sittings. Fortunately

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attaching... There... the solu... ive much... estions at... there are... man can... here can... Bohemian... level are... written... purposes... associate... is not at... derstand... Austria has... y trying... enormous... divided... of con-... Austria... meting... of pro-... together... der the... devising... in the... different... sia, and... nature... en, and... of the... tely as... course... crisis we... ut what... gs have... nage to... lasting... ungary, it has... Even

the majority of the Diets give no trouble, for in the Tyrol the Italian inhabitants have no other wish than not to belong to Austria, and the German Tyrolese so greatly outnumber them that this wish is one about which they are obliged to keep very quiet. Galicia and Bohemia, however, give trouble, and trouble of the same kind, although they give it in different ways. The Bohemians consist of Czechs and Germans, in the proportion of about three to two; and the Czechs have lately thought it their duty to be very Czech indeed. They have been prompted by enthusiastic antiquaries to believe that they ought to assert their nationality, and to take a sudden pride in the history of the half-barbarian kings who long ago had the good or evil fortune to rule over them. They do not seem to have anything to complain of, or to want anything in particular which it would be of the slightest use to them to get; but they are haunted by the notion that the really Czechish thing is for Czechs to say they are Czechs, and to be unhappy until this is somehow recognised. If Hungarians were allowed to separate from Austria, why should not Czechs be allowed to separate too? Why should not their nationality be recognised as that of Hungary was? The obvious arguments that might be urged against placing Hungary and a portion of the Bohemian population on the same level are all lost upon them. There is nothing Czechish in arguing; the truly national thing is to sulk and to cry out for separation. The EMPEROR lately went to Prague to conciliate them, but he went in vain. Even the great Baron BEUST was called in without effect. The Czech deputies refuse to take their seats in the Bohemian Diet, and will have nothing to do with it. Very wisely, the Government goes on as well as it can without them, striving to give no offence, and striving at the same time to make Czechs feel that they must take what Austria gives them, or nothing. In Galicia the feeling of nationality is even more strong; for the Galicians are almost all Poles, and Poland has until recent times been a reality. But just at the present moment the Poles are inconveniently fond of Austria and of the EMPEROR. They want him to be the protector and champion, not of Galicians only, but of Poles in general; and it is impossible he should allow himself to be led into grave political dangers merely by the acclamations of these provincial admirers. He was going to visit Galicia, as well as Bohemia, and his visit would have been very welcome. But the Galician Diet voted an address which frightened him. Galicia, they suggested, should be erected into a separate province distinct from Austria generally, as this might, it was hoped, make the beginning of a restored Poland. The EMPEROR prudently drew back at this, and would not go to a province where he must either commit himself to the encouragement of projects that cannot be realized, or damp the enthusiasm and crush the hopes of his supporters. The Galicians, however, are not in dudgeon, like the Czechs. They think that perhaps they were too much in a hurry; but that their time is sure to come, and some day the glorious position of being the champion of Poland will be forced on the EMPEROR, whether he likes it or not.

The critical state of Austrian foreign policy is strikingly illustrated by the interpretation put at Berlin on this abandonment by the EMPEROR of his visit to Galicia. In the eyes of those Prussian politicians who can see furthest through a millstone, the real reason that prevented this visit was the outbreak of the Spanish Revolution. The EMPEROR was going to Galicia, they think, in order to create a sore in the side of Russia, which would serve to keep that Power quiet while France attacked Prussia. Everything was ready; the EMPEROR was just ready to get into the train for Lemberg, Marshal NIEL had got his troops under arms, when PRIM landed at Cadiz, and spoiled everything. This looks like the idlest of idle gossip, but it points to what is the standing difficulty with which Austria, in confronting foreign Powers, has to contend. She either holds provinces, or holds provinces adjacent to countries, where all the intriguing of European diplomacy goes on. She is never left alone, for everything proposed in some way concerns her. On the one side she borders on the States of Germany, and the question whether these States shall come entirely under the influence of Prussia is a question of great interest to Austria as well as to France. If, therefore, French diplomacy begins to intrigue at Munich, it naturally seeks the co-operation of Austria. Prussia, on the other hand, attacks Austria through the nationality of her German provinces, and asks her to consider whether she is really prepared to alienate them by fighting for the foreigner against a German Power. In the East there is still more of intrigue and scheming always going on to interest and perplex Austria. Turkey, and the half-dependent districts that border on Turkey,

are always being agitated by politicians who represent the views of France or of Russia, and still more by that far larger number of politicians who wish to have it supposed that their own little private schemes are secretly sanctioned and promoted by a great Power. The Roumanian or Servian or Bulgarian Prince or Minister or chieftain who has come on a special indescribable mission requiring him to live very expensively at a large hotel, is a standing feature in Paris life. If there is nothing else to write about, one Paris paper can always say that he is just on the point of succeeding, and another can say, in contradiction, that he has just ignominiously failed. As a rule, his mission is all nonsense, but there is just enough of reality in it to alarm Austria. The French Government lets it be understood that there is a sort of chance of its taking him up. It knows that Russia is continually working in that part of the world in preparation for the great day when the CZAR shall reign at Constantinople, and it sometimes wishes to obstruct the path of Russian ambition and sometimes to favour it. Austria consequently is kept in a state of anxiety and uncertainty, and there seems to be scarcely any help for this unless she can so manage to consolidate her own internal strength that she will be able to follow an independent course, and not be liable to be dragged into a war of which she disapproves.

THE ELECTIONS.

IT is fortunate that the General Election is only five or six weeks off, for the promises of candidates on one side are every day becoming more reckless, and the arguments in favour of the present Government have attained a point of confusion and inconsistency which has induced Mr. DISRAELI to substitute one authoritative cluster of sophisms for many contradictory fallacies. Lord STANLEY, with characteristic prudence, confines his address to the indisputable statement that he has represented the borough of Lynn for twenty years. No candidate would be more capable of explaining his opinions, if only they happened to coincide with the policy of his colleagues; but Lord STANLEY cannot conveniently answer Mr. DISRAELI, and he is incapable of appealing to his constituency against the dark designs of a foreign prince. The country in general is content to allow Lord STANLEY to occupy for a time a neutral position, on the understanding that, in resisting revolutionary changes, he is not the champion of obsolete nonsense. It is time that a third party, however small might be its number, should interpose between the extreme Liberal section and the minority which now contemplates with alarm the results of its own suicidal policy. As the discussions on the Irish Church proceed, a secession from the Conservative ranks is inevitable, or rather it is already declared. Mr. MILNES GASKELL, who has held office under Lord DERBY, and Sir W. STIRLING MAXWELL, who last year presided at Mr. DISRAELI's Edinburgh dinner, have already confessed to their constituents their inability to defend the Irish Establishment. When Lord STANLEY has retired from office he will be at liberty to act upon the judgment which he expressed with perfect clearness in the first Irish debate of the last Session. With the removal of the last great anomaly which was left untouched by the Parliaments between 1832 and 1868, an entirely different class of political questions will divide parties within and without the House of Commons. The strong majorities on which sanguine politicians rely for the enforcement of economy and the promotion of social reforms will at least require watching; and experience has shown that the supple instruments of Mr. DISRAELI are not likely to be stubborn guardians of the Constitution. The only Conservatism which will for the future be of any practical use must be utilitarian, if not cold-blooded, and its chief representatives ought as far as possible to be exempt from the prejudices which may cling to some of their followers. Since the time of Sir ROBERT PEEL the party has never appreciated the advantage of repudiating unprofitable abuses.

The ingenious blunder of the contrivance for representing minorities has involved the City of London in a contest which might have been conveniently spared, and the sitting members have consequently been compelled to ask the renewed support of their constituents. Mr. ROTHSCHILD is content to refer to his steady support of his party; and Mr. CRAWFORD, who might have relied on his own services as one of the most useful members of the House, confidently assures the electors that the privileges of the Corporation and of the City Companies are perfectly safe under any party which may be in power. Alderman LAWRENCE rashly insists on a redistribution of seats and on the repeal of the minority

clause. It is highly probable that his wishes will be gratified; but in the present election the Liberal party will certainly retain three seats, and it may not improbably secure the fourth. In a comprehensive redistribution it might perhaps occur to Reformers that a twentieth part of the metropolis was scarcely entitled to a fifth of the representation. The choice of the City has, on the whole, justified the maintenance of the old custom which preserves the tradition of civic influence and independence; but modern Reform deals roughly with historical associations, and the City of London has little interest in the abolition of privileges. Mr. CRAWFORD is perfectly right in holding that the City Companies ought not to link their fortunes with the Irish Church; but large corporate possessions unconnected with obvious duties are not likely to remain unassailed. For the present it is prudent to be on the winning side, which happens also to be the party of justice. The most ambitious of the City addresses proceeds from Mr. GOSCHEN, who, emulating the rhetoric of Mr. DISRAELI, declares that the PRIME MINISTER has not scrupled to turn his sceptre of office into an incendiary torch. The Buckinghamshire address is abundantly open to criticism; but the metaphorical conflagration which Mr. GOSCHEN affects to apprehend is as imaginary as the sceptre which he fancies to exist at the Treasury. An incendiary applies his torch to combustible matter, whereas Conservative feeling is perfectly damp and innocuous. Like Mr. GOSCHEN himself, Mr. DISRAELI was in want of impressive phrases, and he was more successful in his search. Indeed, Mr. GOSCHEN admits, at the close of the same sentence, that the incendiary sceptre has proved itself to be a hollow cry. As a classical scholar, Mr. GOSCHEN ought to have remembered the warning of HORACE against an ambitious exordium. The address is otherwise spirited and argumentative, with the fault of promising too much. Having learned a useful lesson from the defeat of Mr. CHILDERS by General PEEL, Mr. GOSCHEN points to a reduction of national expenditure which is to depend on a fundamental change of national policy. Costly squadrons of obsolete ships are, according to Mr. GOSCHEN, still maintained at unnecessary stations; and he might have added that the merchants of London and Liverpool are generally the loudest in their demands for additional vessels of war. There is no pretence for alleging that the present Government is especially responsible for the distribution of naval or military forces. Mr. GLADSTONE attacked the Ministers for adding to the Estimates, and not for pursuing a policy which has been common to all parties. As the accusation proved to be in a great measure groundless, it has been necessary to devise new projects of economy; nor is it impossible that a party movement may incidentally produce a public benefit. Mr. GOSCHEN connects the demand for retrenchment with political principles by hoping that a Government enthusiastically devoted to the union of thrift with efficiency will be supported by unanimous majorities in opposition to naval and military prejudices. Professional instincts are not perhaps on the side of economy, but they are for the most part favourable to efficiency. It is highly probable that a strong Government, following up recent traditions, may succeed in reducing the Estimates; but Mr. DISRAELI's hyperbolic proposition about a reckless reduction of outlay contains or conceals a truth. An inconsiderate reduction of armaments will, after an interval, be followed by a panic; and the period of reaction may perhaps coincide with the discovery that taxation has, for the first time in English history, been divorced from representation. It may become a popular theme for demagogues to expound that property must be made to pay for its own defence, and that direct taxes supply abundant means for maintaining the national honour. The Abyssinian twopence is perhaps but a slight instalment of the burdens which may hereafter be imposed rather on property than on income. The working-men, whom their sycophants now habitually describe as a separate and paramount class, may not be always inclined to administer frugally a fund to which they will not consciously contribute.

The last exploit of the working-man in his constituent character is rather surprising than glorious. The second in magnitude of the metropolitan boroughs has dismissed from its service the most honest, the most active, and the most consistent advocate of the rights, and even of the prejudices, of labour. The working-men who returned Mr. HUGHES for Lambeth are too facile or too weak to reward him for his laborious devotion to their supposed interests and their professed wishes. A week ago his competitors thought it prudent to announce their desire that Mr. HUGHES should retain his seat; but the preference of the constituency for common-

place members has superseded all conventional regard for principle. Mr. HUGHES holds some unsound opinions on economic questions; but he has never been able to persuade himself that false weights and measures were either justifiable as implements of trade, or advantageous to the working-man as a consumer. The small tradesmen resented interference with fraud; and it seems that the working-men sympathize with injustice inflicted on themselves, except when it can be attributed to gentlemen. They will accordingly enjoy the proud privilege of selecting two members among half a dozen obscure and blatant Liberals, while their late member seeks in the peaceful village of Frome an opportunity for declaiming in favour of redistribution, and against the maintenance of small boroughs. Poetical justice will be satisfied in Lambeth by the perpetuation of light loaves, of small pints, and of sanded sugar. Mr. HUGHES's unpopularity with small shopkeepers is sufficiently intelligible; but the secret of his abandonment by the working-men must have consisted in their well-founded belief that he was conscientious and independent. There will be a similar difficulty in the Tower Hamlets, where Mr. BEALES seems, for the present, to be the most popular of the numerous candidates. It is barely possible that, while the auction of democracy is proceeding, the Conservatives may succeed in returning their respectable candidate. Of all the numerous efforts to win the favour of the working-man, the least laudable is the declaration of Mr. PRICE at Sheffield, that the Trade Societies, including the Sawgrinders' Union, ought to be enabled to enforce their rules by legal means. As a lawyer of ability and character Mr. PRICE can scarcely think, on deliberate reflection, that the Legislature ought to sanction by anticipation laws to be framed, not by itself, but by an irresponsible majority of any voluntary association. The most comprehensive Reform would scarcely produce a Parliament prepared to enact that stone should not be squared at the quarry, or that a bricklayer should be prohibited from using his left hand. Due protection against embezzlement of Union funds, if it is not at present sufficiently secured, may be provided without conferring legal validity on the capricious and tyrannical edicts of Trade Councils; yet the gravest objection to Mr. PRICE's proposal is not confined to its inconsiderate and monstrous injustice. Every phrase which can be used with reference to Trades' Unions has at Sheffield a technical meaning, as indeed popular controversy is always summed up in two conflicting propositions. Mr. PRICE's thoughtless offer to the Sawgrinders will have been understood as an acceptance and reproduction of the apology of BROADHEAD. The murderer declared that he would not have committed his crimes if the rules of his Union could have been enforced by law. The Conservative candidate for Sheffield acknowledges the reality of the grievance, and his audience may have inferred that he was prepared to extenuate the remedy. If there are any working-men in Sheffield who resent the infamy which has been brought on their order, they will have the opportunity of redeeming the credit of the town by supporting Mr. ROEDUCK. There is much difference of opinion on the expediency of maintaining or abolishing the Irish Church, but the Sheffield murders present an issue which ought to perplex no sound understanding. It is strange that the exigencies of a political contest should tempt men of intelligence and honour into the use of careless phrases embodying mistakes so pernicious.

TRADE AND THE REVENUE.

IT is difficult to extract much comfort out of the Revenue Returns which have been lately published. The extra penny of Income-tax has more than filled up the gulf which they would otherwise display, but the comparison with past quarters and past years tells only the tale that might be expected of a period of stagnation in trade and reduced employment for the labouring classes. The broad result of the year 1867 was to show no advance upon 1866, with a decrease on those items which gauge the prosperity of the working-classes. A stationary revenue in this country means a loss fully equivalent to a penny of Income-tax, or at least a million and a half sterling, that being the average rate at which the revenue grows in ordinary times. When we summed up the results of last year we were constrained to admit that no signs of reviving prosperity could then be detected, and that, for some part at any rate of 1868, we could look only for still diminishing returns. Three quarters of the year are now complete, and still we have to look to the future for any symptom of progress. Instead of merely standing still, the revenue of these three quarters, apart from the Income-tax, shows a falling off even from 1867 of about 400,000l.,

half of which is due to the quarter just expired; and unless a very sudden improvement should occur, our next Christmas accounts will at the best prove that the Revenue has remained stagnant for fully two years. This is equivalent to a direct loss of more than 3,000,000*l.* to the State, partly perhaps occasioned by deficient harvests, a source of evil happily removed in the present year, but in the main attributable to the follies which culminated in the crisis of May, 1866. When we are to hear and feel the last of that disgraceful epoch no one can yet say, and the most industrious sifter of statistics will find it hard to extort any kind of answer from the Revenue Returns. In truth there is no worse basis for a forecast than these quarterly returns. What they declare upon their face is not the prospects of the future, nor even the condition of the present. They are sensitive enough to every gale that disturbs our commercial progress, but their indications lag behind the time. The returns of each year would be more nearly accurate as an index to the history of the country twelve months ago than at the date of their publication. The most violent derangement of financial affairs leaves the Revenue buoyant until the crisis itself is thought of as a thing of the past, and then it begins to tell, while the process of recovery must go on for many months before the slightest trace of it is to be detected in the national balance-sheet. Thus the Revenue of 1866 kept up to a high standard to the very close of the year, and it was not till we were well on in 1867 that the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER began to feel the blow under which commerce had been reeling for nearly a year. The present returns become a shade less gloomy when this fact is borne in mind. Just as the deficiency on many items in 1867 reflected the crisis of 1866, so the still more marked deficiency of 1868 tells of the stagnation of 1867. We all know it without the help of these unsatisfactory figures, but the fact comes out nevertheless with unpleasant sharpness. Dissecting the items makes them no better, for their weakness is just where it would be from the causes known to have been in operation. Last year the Customs exhibited a small increase of 700,000*l.*—small, that is, compared with their normal growth. In the twelve months ending in September last there has been an increase of less than 100,000*l.*, and in each of the two last quarters there has been an actual diminution. As we have already intimated, this imports increasing dulness in trade, not in the last six months, but in the early part of this year, and perhaps the close of the last. That the decrease in September is much less than it was in June is some indication that the lowest point was nearly reached many months ago, and that we ought to be now slowly commencing an upward course. The turn of the tide, however, had not shown itself in the Board of Trade returns for August, and we must wait a little longer before we can be sure whether the worst is even yet fairly behind us. The Stamp revenue probably responds more rapidly to external changes than that from Customs, for Stamps are paid for when contracts are made, while Customs are levied only on their completion. Stamps, however, like Customs, still produce a declining revenue, though the decrease on the last quarter is again less than it was in June.

If the items we have referred to are the best tests of what our commerce has been, the Excise affords still surer and more prompt evidence of the condition of the mass of the people. Thus in 1867, while the Customs had exhibited but half the consequences of the panic, the Excise languished in the first quarter of that year, and then declined more and more rapidly as time went on. In this year an apparent recovery was shown in the first quarter, but this seems to have been due to slack collection just before Christmas; and since that time the decline has been continuous, though the falling-off in the last quarter is not quite so serious as it was three months ago. On the last twelve months there has been a falling-off of 460,000*l.*, of which 116,000*l.* is due to the last quarter, and 170,000*l.* to the quarter before. This can only signify a great slackness of employment, reaching perhaps up to the time when the harvest commenced. The next returns may perhaps be favourably affected by the abundance of the wheat harvest, which must have ameliorated the condition of a large section of the labouring classes. Even the progressive Post-office has stood still for a year, and in the last quarter shows a trifling decrease of 10,000*l.* This department, however, has a way of making its payments into the Exchequer in round figures, and it would not be safe to draw any inferences from small variations. It has made, at any rate, no progress in the year, and that is the best we can say of it.

If we turn from the Revenue to the more familiar tests of the

prosperity of the moment, the same absence of progress is still discernible. For more than a year the Bank of England has held above 20,000,000*l.* of gold, and has been willing to lend at the moderate rate of 2*l.* per cent. per annum. This easiness of the market has done little to stimulate enterprise. It can scarcely yet be seen that trade is increasing, though what is done, as is usual in the first years after a panic, is no doubt safe and lucrative enough. The price of Consols remains just what it was a year ago, trying to reach 95, and seldom able to touch that quotation. This, no doubt, is a highly respectable price for Three per Cents., when compared with the rates prevailing for all foreign stocks; but Consols at or near 95 signify anything but buoyancy, especially at a time when rival investments are so much out of favour. For the whole year every security has been cheap, and every investment has been distrusted. Over-caution of this kind would be a tolerable evil compared with the opposite excess, were it not for its tendency to carry English capital into foreign speculations. Stocks like the Italian Tobacco Loan are almost the only new things that find favour in the London market, though, in spite of the tempting appearance of many foreign offers, it may be doubted whether they are much more safe as investments than the domestic ventures which no one now will look at. If the revival of enterprise, when it comes, should take the special form of a rush upon foreign securities, it is not clear that investors will fare better than they have done at home, while it is certain that their money will fructify for the material benefit of other countries than their own. It is too soon, however, even to guess what the bent of speculation will be when capital wakes up from its long sleep. If we have reached the lowest point of stagnation, that is quite as much as can be said at present; and there will probably be ample time to examine and discuss the leisurely advance towards the revival of commercial animation which has been so long, and hitherto so vainly, looked for.

THE WATER SUPPLY OF TOWNS.

THE discussions of the Social Science Association frequently touched on the important subject of water supply with the vague dogmatism which in some degree impairs the value of nearly all sanitary disquisitions. A local interest was imparted to the argument by the complaints urged by some of the speakers against the water supply of Birmingham. It was satisfactorily proved that the town ought to be extremely unhealthy; and when the MAYOR, inspired by municipal patriotism, quoted official returns to prove that the death-rate was not excessive, the section all but unanimously agreed that, if facts conflicted with science, it was so much the worse for facts. Nature, who makes nothing in vain, has not deviated from her beneficent course in implanting in the minds of sanitary reformers exaggeration and bigotry. Mr. CARLYLE once said that the only way by which a new Poor-law could have been made possible was the creation of minds to which such a law appeared to be the one thing needful. When every town in England has a constant supply of pure and soft water, the benefit will be justly ascribed in some degree to the efforts of zealots who obstinately disregarded the results of their own statistics. Newspaper readers cannot have failed to notice the monthly returns in which the REGISTRAR-GENERAL superadds to the tables of death and disease some irrelevant returns of the analysis of water. Only a few leisurely and sceptical students take the trouble to ascertain that the connexion between mortality and apparent impurity of water is entirely hypothetical. The Registrar or his subordinates understand the law of mental association, if not the physical properties of water, and, as the discussion at Birmingham proved, they have, like their favourite element by constant dropping, worn into the popular mind the belief that impure water is the origin of all diseases. If it were possible to publish statistical tables of food, of cookery, of air, of exercise, of overwork, of anxiety, and of all other conditions of health and disease, it would be proper to include in the list the analysis of water. The juxtaposition of one among many causes with a complex effect can only suggest a fallacious result, yet the error or superstition is almost innocuous because it tends in a safe direction. It may be assumed without proof that good water is comparatively wholesome; and there are exceptional cases in which contamination is dangerous. Wells situated in towns or villages within reach of cesspools, burial-grounds, or similar receptacles of organic impurity, are fertile sources of disease. On the other hand, running water, taken for use at some distance below the influx of contaminating matter, is for the most part unobjectionable. The modern water supply

provided by Companies or municipal bodies is in almost all cases free from sanitary objections, although it varies greatly in chemical quality.

The inquiry which was made two or three years ago in consequence of an outbreak of cholera in the East of London proved, to the surprise of some of the men of science who took part in the investigation, that, after excluding the case of tainted wells, there was no assignable relation between the purity of water and the health of the consumers. The quality of water supplied to the West of London from the Thames, and to the Eastern half of the metropolis from the Lea and the New River, is, on an average, uniform. As the sources of supply in all cases are the chalk districts to the North and to the West, the water contains a considerable admixture of lime, and the total amount of solid matter is considerable. The analytic chemist, offended with the presence of alien substances, delights to contrast the water which the New River Company distributes in the City of London with the limpid produce of the Scotch granite or the millstone grit of Lancashire and Derbyshire. The typical water supply was provided some years since for Glasgow by Mr. BATEMAN; and the same skilful engineer has furnished Manchester, at an expense of more than a million sterling, with an almost equally pure supply stored from the rainfall on the ridge which feeds the Irwell and the Mersey. The natural reservoir of Loch Katrine discharges itself into the mains of Glasgow with a merely nominal admixture of two or three grains of solid matter in a gallon; and sanitary enthusiasts at Birmingham and elsewhere are in the habit of expatiating on the advantages which London would derive if an equally pure supply were provided from the Northern lakes, or from the upper waters of the Dee or the Wye. It unluckily happens that the death-rate in London is comparatively low, and that in Glasgow and Manchester it is extraordinarily high. When the objection is raised, the water fanatics reply, with good reason, that there are many other causes besides the quality of water which affect health and life; but they forget that they have themselves undertaken to prove the connexion between solid matter in water and disease. Sanitary pursuits produce a kind of intoxication which raises the intellect of a genuine theorist above the vulgar rules of induction. If an epidemic breaks out in London, the evil is at once attributed to the water, while it is assumed that Manchester and Glasgow would be even more unhealthy than at present but for the purity of their supply.

The official crotchets of the REGISTRAR-GENERAL are probably suggested by his chemical adviser, who, like many men of genius, is occasionally liable to a craze. Dr. FRANKLAND is a brilliant experimentalist, if not a uniformly sound reasoner; but the opinions or paradoxes of an eager scientific disputant ought not to be published in a statistical form as public documents. Knowing, in common with other chemists, that organic matters become oxidized in running water, Dr. FRANKLAND has persuaded himself that some impalpable element nevertheless remains unaffected by the new combination. The foulest substances and gases, mixed with a due proportion of water, and conveyed by it for a certain distance, suffer a change into something, if not rich, at least harmless, and strange or foreign to the former nature of its elements; but in their new combination they indicate their earlier existence; and Dr. FRANKLAND, in a vocabulary peculiar to himself, describes his inference in the REGISTRAR-GENERAL'S Returns, under the name of previous sewage contamination. No test betrays the presence of the noxious particles in the water actually supplied, nor is there any sanitary result which suggests the propriety of assuming occult causes. The previous sewage contamination, which seems to careless observers to be a part of the analysis, is in fact merely a thing which has its place, if anywhere, in Dr. FRANKLAND'S understanding. Pure water and the solids contained in it exhaust the subject-matter of his examination, and the addition of an imponderable or imaginary element is entirely delusive. Dr. FRANKLAND, who must undoubtedly be indifferent to the propagation of his doctrine among the unlearned multitude, repeats the statement about previous contamination week after week, in the hope of creating a popular impression that no water can be safely used which at any earlier period of its course has been in any way mixed with sewage. HAMLET reasoned like Dr. FRANKLAND, though with a less practical object, when he traced the previous sewage contamination from the body of ALEXANDER or of CÆSAR to the bung of a beer-barrel; but, if there had been a Registrar-General at Elsinore, he would not have published the conversation with HORATIO in his monthly returns.

When a town is not within reach of a moorland gathering-ground, brooks or rivers will generally furnish an unobjectionable supply. It is fortunate that the owners of the intercepted streams always insist on the construction of compensation reservoirs, to stow the flood-water for subsequent distribution along the channels. The time is fast approaching when it will be proper to provide, by local or general legislation, for the storage of water on a larger scale. During the recent drought large districts suffered great inconvenience for want of water, and yet in another month flooded rivers will be adding their wasteful contributions to the sea. The superfluity of a single week in November or December would often supply the place of a deficient rainfall during the whole of the ensuing summer. If the Thames at any point of its course expanded itself into a considerable lake, it would perhaps deserve the poet's praise by being always full without overflowing. The great value of the land on its banks would make the construction of storage costly, but the plans which have been sometimes devised for bringing water to London from Wales or Cumberland would be far more expensive. For a million sterling, land might be purchased for the construction of two or three large artificial lakes, which would involve no engineering difficulty. The water to fill the reservoirs would cost nothing; it would be softer than the ordinary flow of the river, and it would deposit as it passed nearly all its mechanical impurities. While many private residences are ornamented with artificial lakes, intended only to improve the prospect, Companies and corporate bodies ought not to be alarmed by the cost of similar enterprises which would meet a grave public want. The scenery of Loch Katrine cannot be reproduced in the valley of the Thames; but an equally available reservoir might be formed for the supply of West London, nor would it be impossible to increase the storage of the waters from the Hertfordshire chalk range.

LORD RANELAGH AND THE RACHEL-BORRADAILE AFFAIR.

THE old saw of *Qui s'excuse s'accuse* is not quite true of Lord RANELAGH, for his Lordship assures the Volunteer corps which he commands that he has been "most cruelly" vilified, and placed under the ban of suspicions the most "foul, for nearly a year, without the slightest ground or pretext." We have not the least notion of what all this very tall talk means, and we really never had appreciated the intensity of the victim's sufferings, but we will take Lord RANELAGH'S account of his own position. That position, he says, has been indirectly felt by his comrades; which we suppose means that somehow or other the South Middlesex Volunteers, or some of them, feel it a sort of a kind of a disgrace to be commanded by Lord RANELAGH. Under these circumstances two things are to be considered. What should Lord RANELAGH have done under the circumstances as described by himself? and next, in taking the course which he has taken, has he done enough? has he sufficiently vindicated himself, and reinstated himself in the confidence and respect of his comrades? The former is a question which has general bearings; the latter more nearly interests the rifle corps, and our position towards it is merely that of bystanders—interested bystanders, we admit, for the honour and efficiency of the Volunteers are a public concern—but still the affair is a private one between the South Middlesex Volunteers and their Colonel.

What Lord RANELAGH, we think, ought to have done was to resign his commission first, and explain afterwards; or at least to offer to resign. When Sir ROBERT PEEL—we owe an apology to one of two great names for bringing them into comparison—thought that he might possibly have forfeited the confidence of his Oxford constituents, he resigned his seat, and offered himself for re-election. This is the rule of political and social life. Even railway directors do this. Not an offer of this sort is made by Lord RANELAGH. On his corps the Colonel throws the invidious task of saying whether they shall call on him to resign. *Noblesse oblige*, and a nobleman had better err, if at all, on the side of extreme chivalry and sensitiveness. The Colonel would then have invited a voluntary declaration of confidence in him, and had this been given, he would have thenceforth commanded his regiment not only with entire satisfaction to himself, as he probably does at present, but also to the satisfaction of his comrades, and perhaps of the public. As things are, if a call is made on him to resign, it will throw a burden which ought not to be thrown on the men; for many will hesitate about taking such a serious step as assisting to cashier a Colonel, who would have no difficulty whatever in accepting, or declining to

accept, a voluntary resignation on the Colonel's part. We cannot therefore pronounce that Lord RANELAGH has taken the wisest or the most dignified course; because the true course, and we believe the only course—under the circumstances of suspicion and distrust to which he has been, as he says, so cruelly and despitely subjected—for Lord RANELAGH to have taken, was to tender his resignation. That he has not done.

The course which he has taken is to affirm his innocence of everything laid to his charge, and to say that he is a more moral man than Serjeant BALLANTINE. When you have no defence, to abuse the plaintiff's attorney is a proverbial expression for a very weak case. Whether Lord RANELAGH has a strong or a weak case we shall presently try to see. That he has very foully, coarsely, and we believe libellously, abused Serjeant BALLANTINE does not say much antecedently for Lord RANELAGH's exculpation of himself. A retort of this kind is simply silly, and "You're another" is an argument only fit for the kennel. Besides, the rejoinder is so easily turned. The Serjeant might be, which he is not, a disgrace to his profession; but the Serjeant's exceeding turpitude would not make the Colonel an honour to his corps, which he may or may not be, whatever the Serjeant is or is not. The South Middlesex Rifles have nothing whatever to do with the learned Serjeant; they have to do with their Colonel. His honour is as their honour, and that honour is not enhanced by Lord RANELAGH's attempt to raise not only one false issue, by his declaration that "he should be sorry to change his morality for Serjeant BALLANTINE's," but another, by affecting to believe that he was supposed to be privy to the robbery of Mrs. BORRADAILE, which nobody ever charged him with. We regret that we must think that, quite apart from Mrs. LEVISON and quite apart from Mrs. BORRADAILE, Lord RANELAGH's language about Serjeant BALLANTINE is such that we should not like to serve under a man who exhibits such indiscretion and so much which is worse than bad taste.

We are brought at last to consider Lord RANELAGH's defence. *Provocat ad populum*, for in appealing to his comrades his Lordship appeals to public opinion. Exonerating himself, Lord RANELAGH indirectly whitewashes Madame RACHEL. He says that it has been alleged that the woman LEVISON's "ostensible trade was a cloak or adjunct to one even less reputable," but he is satisfied that not "the slightest immorality attached itself to her establishment." He goes further:—"After diligent inquiry, he has not heard a whisper" of it. We are not aware that the charge against LEVISON went further than that she was a go-between; that she assisted in amours; that she was privy to amorous and clandestine correspondence. We have never heard it said that she kept what the law calls a disorderly house, or a house of ill-fame. But we venture to say distinctly that it was proved on the trials, and that it was admitted by either side, that "LEVISON's ostensible trade was a cloak or adjunct to other less reputable pursuits." Whether these pursuits are untainted by "the slightest immorality" is a point on which some of us may be unfortunate enough to be at issue with Lord RANELAGH; that is, to entertain other views about immorality than those, conscientiously no doubt, held by his Lordship. For the prosecution it was urged by Mrs. BORRADAILE that the woman LEVISON, in addition to, over and above, her trade—"her ostensible trade"—in cosmetics, carried on another trade to which the beauty wares were only an adjunct or cloak—namely, the trade of swindling women by forging correspondence. This is one version of the matter—the version which the jury adopted; and, *pace* Lord RANELAGH, we consider it a vile and immoral trade. For the defence it was urged that LEVISON was privy to a scandalous and disgraceful amour between Mrs. BORRADAILE and "Dear WILLIAM"; that LEVISON assisted this amour by lending one of the parties money to carry it on; and that in the course of this transaction she (LEVISON) got hold of and kept all the letters and documents for her own private profits and ends. This is the other version of the matter; and, whether we believe LEVISON or BORRADAILE, either account proves to a demonstration that fact which Lord RANELAGH denies—namely, that her ostensible trade was a cloak or adjunct to one even less reputable. Either, then, Lord RANELAGH cannot have attended to the trial, at which he was present, or his notions of what is or what is not immoral are not as those of most other folk. One of these versions must be true; or, even if there is a third, it must, equally with either LEVISON's or BORRADAILE's, admit the existence of the correspondence and LEVISON's privy to it; and in either, any, or every account of it, it is most certain that LEVISON's ostensible trade

was only a cloak or adjunct to some other and some most disreputable secret business.

The only question which remains is the very commonplace one, what business had Lord RANELAGH in LEVISON's shop? Had he said that he went to buy Sahara Water, or to cheapen pastes and unguents, well and good. Had he said he went to gossip with LEVISON, or to flirt with her daughters or granddaughter, we might have demurred to the taste of a nobleman who could spend his hours of idleness with an ignorant impostor who could neither read nor write; but he says that he "and a great number of gentlemen"—names and addresses unknown—"strolled occasionally into LEVISON's shop for the 'idlest of curiosities.'" Curiosity, yes; we can just understand a perverted and jaded taste in queer people, places, and things which might lead an idle man about town to go once just to have a look at old RACHEL, as some people go to stare at any ugly or offensive sight. But to repeat the visit—to "stroll occasionally"—to this nasty shop; to have to say that on "one of these occasions" so-and-so happened; all this—his own explanation and justification—we are sorry to assure Lord RANELAGH, only gives point and pungency to the same one question—What business had you there? Curiosity; yes, curiosity about what? Curiosity to see RACHEL? A single visit would have gratified this laudable interest in human varieties of very questionable character. Curiosity, was it, to see RACHEL's customers? A motive certainly which would account for the "strolling occasion—'ally into RACHEL's shop," but a motive which we are not called upon to characterize. The upshot of the matter is this. The thirst after various and curious knowledge of human life, and of the daily and nightly doings of our fellow-creatures, has its drawbacks and inconveniences. There are folks who, merely ardent in the investigation of social phenomena, go to all sorts of queer places—finishes, music-halls, masked balls, Mabilles and Cremornes. Their motives are of course of the purest, their desire to study social science praiseworthy and edifying. But they must take the consequences in having their motives cross-questioned, their serene and abstract love of knowledge doubted, their ardour in the science of humanity sneered at, even themselves suspected and, alas! maligned. Their own perfect honesty and purity of intention may be satisfactory to themselves, because they say so. But the places and the people whom they frequent for these high ends are decidedly bad. Lord RANELAGH has indulged the idlest of curiosities once and again. He must take the consequences of the idlest of curiosities. If he suffers, he will only add one to the Martyrs of Science—only it happens that the science he cultivated was of a woman and her associations of whom and of which decent people would like to remain personally ignorant.

THE RELATION OF UTILITY TO TRUTH.

WHOEVER has been in the habit of talking unreservedly with educated laymen upon that large class of subjects which forms the neutral ground between morals, philosophy, and religion, must have observed that their attention is directed rather to the leading principles on which all controversy depends than to their application to special subjects. Where are we to start from? What arguments on these subjects are worth attending to? What evidence are we to require? By what rules are we to measure its force and decide on its relevancy? These, and questions like these, are the points upon which men capable of appreciating the scope of the great intellectual movement of our age, and sincerely desirous to take a right part in it, are in the habit of thinking and talking when they meet with others who can understand and sympathize with them.

There is no argument more common than the argument from the utility of an opinion to its truth, and there is none which is more frequently employed in the popular discussion, at all events, of the subjects in question. "The whole constitution of our nature implies this or that;" "Life would be a hollow mockery if this were not true;" "If I did not believe it I should think life worthless"—such is the form into which such arguments often fall. They are capable of being put into a shape very familiar in the mouths of particular preachers, to whom we wish to allude with every respect, and whom it would be needless to name. The kind of language in question generally takes the form of a more or less pathetic metaphor. "The passionate yearning of the soul witnesses to us of" such and such a state of things. "Our hearts confess the need" of something else, and so on.

The question is, what is this kind of statement worth? Suppose my heart does "yearn," or "confess a need," or "bear witness" to any particular effect, what then? Is there any difference between such feelings and a simple hope or wish that a thing may be true? and is my hope or wish, or the hope or wish of the whole human race, past, present, or future, any evidence whatever—and if so, when, why, and to what extent—of the

truth of the proposition wished or hoped to be true? To answer these questions fully would be a great achievement. We propose to offer some thoughts upon them, and to show the connection of those thoughts with a variety of topics which are relevant to the subject.

In order to set the matter in the broadest light, let us take a specific proposition. Let us assume in general, reserving the specific meaning of the assumption for future examination, that a belief in a future life is in the highest degree useful, and that human nature "witnesses to" and "yearns after" and "longs" for it (whatever those words may mean)—is all this any evidence at all that there is a future state? and if so, why? in what sense? of what degree of weight? It is necessary to premise that the examination of this question is only one part of the far wider question as to the grounds for believing in a future state of existence. Whatever value may be attached to the kind of evidence which we propose to examine, there can be no doubt that the belief itself rests upon other grounds, the solidity of which has nothing to do with that of the particular argument under consideration.

Those who deny the force of this mode of arguing say that, twist it as we will, it comes to no more than this—There is a future life because I hope there is one, and also because a belief in one has, and always will have, a good moral influence on mankind. This, they say, amounts to nothing at all, inasmuch as our hopes are often fallacious, and inasmuch as we do not always get what is good for us. There are in the world many extremely bad things. If our wishes were the rule they would not exist. Therefore it is absurd to assume that there must be something somewhere to satisfy every wish that we can form; and no less assumption than this can convert our wishes into evidence of a state of things corresponding to them. There is great force in this argument, and it appears to us to dispose entirely of a great deal of language which is highly popular, and for which high authority may be quoted in the present day. We cannot think, however, that it entirely disposes of the whole question; and, in order to point out the precise bearings of it, and the limits within which it ought to prevail, it will be necessary to give a short statement of the grounds upon which we should support the counter-proposition that the general utility of the doctrine of a future life does afford some evidence of its truth.

Every part of this proposition will require explanation. In the first place, by general utility we do not mean in this instance simply a tendency to promote happiness, but rather what may perhaps be called the general suitability of the belief to the facts which it affects. That it makes A B moral to believe in a future state is certainly no reason for believing that there is a future state, unless it is alleged that nothing which is not true could make A B moral; but if A B and all other men are so constituted that the doctrine of a future life affords, if true, an explanation of important parts of their nature which would otherwise appear disproportionate to and inconsistent with other parts of it, this we think is some evidence of its truth.

Some people are so much accustomed to such statements that they may look upon this as a self-evident proposition which does not stand in need of proof, but this is far from being the case. The proposition that no inference can reasonably be drawn from the apparent want of completeness or proportion in particular departments of life, that we must not infer the existence of what we should regard as a solution from the existence of what we regard as a difficulty, that in the last analysis the facts of life may disclose nothing in any way satisfactory to our moral nature, that goodness and truth may permanently get the worst of life, and that wickedness and falsehood may triumph in the long run, are perfectly intelligible and consistent assertions, and may be perfectly true. Their truth or falsehood, at all events, is not to be assumed, but to be calmly and, as far as possible, impartially considered.

Assuming, then, for the sake of argument, that the doctrine of a future life would complete and give harmony and unity to the present life; assuming that it would afford an account of facts—such as reason, conscience, and, in a word, the spiritual side of our nature—which, in the absence of such a belief, are mere facts, unconnected with and singularly unlike everything else that comes under our observation, what right have we to assert, as we do, that this is some evidence of the truth of the doctrine itself? The answer to this question involves an examination of the following fundamental points—the nature of truth, the nature of evidence, the nature of probability, and the nature of belief. Each of these we will try to touch upon in its turn.

Truth is the correspondence of words with facts; but what are words? what are facts? and how can one correspond with the other. Words are sounds, which are first imagined in the head, and then uttered by the lips. Till they are uttered they are called thoughts. Thoughts are, in some unknown way, associated with images or pictures, which are capable of being excited in the mind either by hearing words, or directly by external objects. For instance, the sound "book" will call up the image of a book, and the book itself will call up the same image. The image so called up is the "meaning" of the word, that which goes between the sound and the thing. Words are said to be true if and in so far as their meanings—that is, the images which they excite—correspond with the images excited by external things or facts. The words "John Smith is sitting in that chair" are true if the images which they excite in my mind correspond with the images

excited by turning my eyes towards the chair and the man sitting in it.

This explanation of the nature of truth may appear artificial and needlessly elaborate; but it is essential to the due understanding of several points connected with the theory of belief and evidence. It shows, in the first place, what evidence means. Involuntary impressions on the organs of sight, touch, or hearing—in other words, external facts—are evidence of the truth of words which call up similar images; for all thinking may be reduced at last to the excitement of images in the mind, and to their comparison with each other. Thus evidence is an external pledge of the truth of mental pictures excited otherwise than by the senses. It is the material guarantee of thought.

The propositions of the truth of which evidence of this kind is to be obtained, though infinitely numerous, are extremely simple. They must relate to states of fact actually present, and sufficiently simple to make a single definite picture in the mind. Such evidence cannot be given, from the nature of the case, either in regard to past or future facts, or in regard to propositions which involve the use of general terms. The presence of my desk with the things on it at this moment is evidence, in the sense just explained, of the truth of the proposition that the desk and the things on it are now present; but in order to make it evidence of the proposition that it was present an hour ago, or will be present an hour hence, further propositions as to the stability of desks, the fidelity of memory, the trustworthiness of anticipation, and the like, are necessary. So the recollection of the death of many men, and the recollection of various assertions implying the death of all men, or even the actual sight of a number of deaths at a given moment, can be made evidence of the truth of the proposition that all men are mortal only by a variety of other considerations, such as the generic resemblance of human beings to each other, and the trustworthiness of our confidence in the ordinary course of nature. It is the province of logic to show when and how one fact can be so connected with another that the past, present, or future existence of the one can be inferred from the present existence of the other. In all cases, however, some fact present to the senses from which the inference is to be drawn is the evidence, and where there are no facts from which any given proposition can be drawn, there is no evidence of that proposition. On the other hand, where such a basis of fact does exist, it may supply evidence of infinitely various degrees of strength of the truth of the propositions to be proved.

Let us try to form a notion of the nature of the probative force of evidence, and to point out some of the degrees of which it is capable. It follows, from what has already been said, that evidence itself is some definite positive thing or state of facts actually present to the senses, or some of them; but with the exception of those simple propositions which affirm the existence of these things or states of facts themselves (according to Berkeley or Mr. Mill, they would be called groups of sensations, or present possibilities of future sensation, but for the present purpose this is not important), all propositions to be proved by evidence are either past or future. "Julius Cæsar was assassinated." Evidence—Suetonius and Plutarch. It will rain to-morrow. Evidence—The barometer has fallen half an inch. Our senses show us the book or the barometer. Logic tells us that they would not exist in the state in which they present themselves to us unless Julius Cæsar had been assassinated, and unless it were going to rain.

What is the nature of the process by which logic shows this? What is the meaning of proof? How does any one fact prove any other? Logic, if carefully examined, will be found at last to be a long-sustained and persistent effort of imagination—the production, by the use of words, of an elaborate and complicated series of mental pictures, all different from, but consistent with and related to, each other. Inasmuch as words may be used with little or no meaning, i.e. so as to call up indistinct and confused images; and inasmuch as some things cannot be combined by the mind in one picture (as squareness and roundness in the same plane figure); and inasmuch as the mind often hurries over words so quickly as not to perceive the indistinctness, confusion, or inconsistency of the images which, if fully attended to, they would excite, this operation is difficult and delicate in the highest degree, and requires continual correction by reference to evidence or proof, if the person who performs it wishes his logic to be in harmony with fact. Proof is to logic what the banker's book and the money in your purse are to your account book. "I have spent so much, I have received so much, I have invested so much, I have lost so much. I have therefore (here comes in the logic) 129l. 5s. 6d. left." "Therefore" means I have drawn in my mind (aided by figures) a picture of these operations, and the sum which I picture to myself as the residue is 129l. 5s. 6d. Here logic ends, and the process of proof, or testing the logic, begins. There is 110l. at the bank, and there are a 10l. note, a 5l. note, four sovereigns, three shillings, and half a crown in my purse. The result of the whole operation is, that I am satisfied that the state of facts actually existing in my banker's book and in my purse is that which would and must exist if the different sets of images previously called up corresponded to facts. These illustrations show the nature of logic and its relations to proof. The great object of the logician ought to be to train the imagination to call up the images which the facts, as they did happen or will happen, would call up if they were actually perceived by the senses; and proof is independent evidence that in this particular case he has succeeded in doing so.

Let us now try to estimate in general terms the degrees of force

which may exist in this evidence. First, what is meant by the "force" of evidence? The object which all logic and all evidence are intended to effect is conviction—that is to say, the causing the person to whom they are addressed to think certain propositions true; or, according to the explanation already given of the nature of truth, to cause him to think that the images created in the mind by the words of the proposition correspond with images which may be, might have been, or perhaps will be excited in it by external facts. The "force" of evidence, therefore, is the degree in which it is calculated to contribute to this result, and is measured by its quality and quantity. First, as to quality. This depends on the relations in which it may stand to the conclusion to be established, *i.e.* to the mental image or collection of images intended to be caused to be thought of as true. These relations are five in number. The two sets of images may be consistent with each other, and no more. My presence in London, when a murder is committed there, is consistent with my having committed that murder. They may suggest each other by association. The presence of a bloody knife corresponding with a wound, near the place where the wound was given, suggests that the knife gave the wound. They may imply each other. The production of the bloody knife implies or proves the proposition that a bloody knife exists. Conversely, the images may suggest, or may imply, each other's absence. In other words, the evidence may show the possibility, the probability, the certainty, the improbability, or the impossibility of the conclusion to which it refers. Thus a certain conclusion is a conclusion the mental image of which is involved in the mental image excited by the evidence itself. A probable or improbable conclusion is one of which the image is either associated with or dissociated from the image created by the evidence. An impossible conclusion is one of which the image is destroyed by the image excited by the evidence. That my pen is absent from my hand at this moment is a proposition which it is impossible to me to believe. That it is in my hand I am certain, I cannot help believing it. That a particular measure will be brought forward by Government next session is a probable or improbable proposition according to the views entertained by the person to whom it is submitted of public men and public affairs; according, that is, to the character which he associates with particular persons, and the course of conduct which he associates with his conception of the public generally. Thus probability, possibility, and their opposites, are all relative terms. That which is possible or probable to A may be impossible or improbable to B. As to the quantity of evidence, it is enough to say that it consists of the vividness and permanence of the images excited. If a great number of men asserted, or an immense number of material things implied, a particular conclusion, there would be a large quantity of evidence which would probably produce a permanent impression; but in quality the evidence might amount only to a probability. Ten people swear that they caught the prisoner running away and covered with blood. On the other hand, a small quantity of evidence might go to produce a certainty. One person of doubtful character swears that he actually saw the prisoner shoot the murdered man through the head.

This introduces us to the question of the nature of belief. It follows, from what has been stated already, that evidence is addressed to the imagination, and that its effect consists in raising images more or less vivid and permanent, and more or less closely connected with the conclusion to be proved. The state of mind produced does in fact, and evidently must, vary indefinitely in different people, according to the different degrees of sensibility and understanding which they may happen to possess. Still, all the effects produced may be ranged under a very few heads. Evidence either produces certainty, positive or negative, or expectation, positive or negative, or fails to produce any effect at all, and leaves the mind quite at large. The first and second event happen when the evidence implies the truth or falsehood of the conclusion, the third or fourth when it suggests by association its truth or falsehood, and the fifth when it is simply consistent with it. In the first case, the conclusion is positively asserted or denied. In the next, a probable assertion is made respecting it, and in the last a mere or unsuggested guess. Both certainty, or the absence of doubt, and expectation suggested by a probability, are generally included under the name Belief. "I believe that two and two makes four" means I have no doubt of the fact. "I believe I have five shillings in my purse" means I am not quite sure. Like all common ways of using words, this deserves careful attention. It does, in fact, denote an accurate conception of the true nature of belief. Each statement means that the image actually present in my mind and now contemplated by me as true is to such an effect. The presence of the image constitutes the belief. Whether or not it will stay there, and what would be necessary to dislodge it, is another matter. Whilst the mind is in the act of belief, it is in a state of equilibrium which may be stable or unstable, but has the properties of equilibrium while it lasts.

Most important consequences follow from this. Belief is no doubt founded on evidence and produced by it; but it may and can be produced in other ways. It may, for instance, be produced by habit or passion. Present to a man's mind a very vivid image, and he will believe it, sometimes with fanatical earnestness, without any evidence at all, and merely by the force of habit. A madman's beliefs, again, are founded on no external facts at all; they are produced by some morbid cause which fills the imagination with abnormal impressions not related to real things outside of him. Fear, jealousy, love, every strong passion, will produce

intensely strong beliefs almost, if not altogether, uncertified by evidence. Moreover, belief of whatever kind, when produced, is a habit, and can, like other habits, be made the subject of management. By ceasing to think of an abstruse subject on which he has come to the clearest possible conclusions a man may lose his beliefs upon it. By frequently going over a favourite chain of reasoning he may deepen what was little more than a conjecture into a settled and immutable conviction. In short, by a variety of ways and means which might easily be described at length, it is possible to exercise a vast influence over our beliefs, and to attach to them a special individual power over our own minds altogether different from that which they would exercise over the minds of other persons, or over our own minds under other circumstances.

This analysis of the different ideas connected with belief, and of the process by which belief is formed, and of the nature of it when it is formed, is a necessary introduction to an independent question, the nature and the independence of which might not otherwise have been obvious. This question is, what position does, and ought, belief to occupy in the mind? Why do you believe anything at all? What rule of belief will you adopt? As belief may be produced in a variety of ways, and when produced may be considerably modified, how ought a man to produce and to modify his own beliefs? These questions occur principally, and have the greatest practical importance, in reference to belief upon probabilities, because the power of the man over his own thoughts is more apparent in these than in any other cases; but the question may be asked with reference to beliefs as to which a man is certain. I am certain, without any admixture of doubt, that a particular book lies on the table. The images excited by my eyes and fingers exactly correspond with that proposition. Why should I not, if I were able, determine to expel that image from my mind, and to introduce a different one, and regard the substituted image as true? If the evidence raised a probability only, the task would be by no means impossible. A sanguine or a despondent man might easily make himself certain of the occurrence of an event which he hoped or feared, and in favour of the occurrence of which the chances were, say, five to four to his knowledge. Ought he to do so or not, and if so, in what cases? And if he ought to do so, ought he not, if he could, in the case of a certainty? In a word, what is the theoretical justification of a determination to believe the truth when we have it in our power to put ourselves in the way of believing falsehood? We say "to put ourselves in the way," because it is very like a contradiction in terms to suppose that a man at once recognises a particular position as false, and nevertheless determines to make himself believe it true. The effort to think it true would be constantly reminding him of the fact that it was false; but self-deception, especially if it is undertaken on a large scale, is no difficult art, and may be carried successfully to very great lengths.

There are two separate answers to this question. One is, that it is much easier to believe the truth than to believe falsehood; but this applies chiefly to the case of believing certainties or strong probabilities. The other reason is, that vast and varied experience assures us all that to believe truth is in every conceivable way the most prudent course. When the images in your mind correspond with the facts outside of it, your conduct with regard to those facts is at all events intelligent and intentional. Assume the existence of what is not the fact, and *pro tanto* you act at random. When a man is permanently beset by delusions, it is generally necessary to lock him up at Hanwell or Colney Hatch. Indeed, it is so clearly true that truth is generally successful, and error the reverse, that to illustrate it is like burning daylight. The only case which can be alleged as constituting any kind of exception to this rule will be found, when properly examined, to confirm it. Partial knowledge may sometimes be injurious, and partial ignorance may be accidentally useful, but this comes only from the fact that they are partial; so that the ignorance is a kind of knowledge, and the knowledge a kind of ignorance. Not knowing the danger which he runs, a man wins a battle by an act which, had he known particular facts, he would not have done. This is true; but if he had known the other particular facts which actually did enable him to gain the victory, he would have done the act. I should not have advanced had I known that there was a mine under my feet; but if I had known that, though there was a mine under my feet, such and such accidents would prevent it from being sprung, I should have advanced notwithstanding the mine. Thought is essential to action, true thought is essential to successful action. The desire to act, and the desire to act successfully, are ultimate facts in our nature. By believing what is true, by keeping in our minds images corresponding with facts, we are enabled to act successfully; and this is the reason for believing truth, and not falsehood, in those cases in which we have any choice in the matter, and especially in the case of belief on probabilities.

Having thus arrived at a theory of belief, and at a conception of part at least of the relation of truth to utility, let us apply the matter somewhat more fully to the case of belief on probabilities. We say that a thing is probable when facts are before us which might have been expected to be present if the thing really happened, and this, upon examination, will be found to be a case of the association of ideas. In other words, by asserting the probability of a statement, we mean that it may be or may not be true, but that there are facts which, as far as they go, suggest that it is. To what extent does this state of mind constitute belief? and to what extent, and why, ought it to do so? It appears to us that it constitutes real belief so long and in so far as the image

of the supposed event is actually contemplated by the mind. Whatever is clearly imagined is believed as long as the mind is in the act of imagining. For the time being, people of strong imaginations really believe in novels, poetry, or events dramatically represented. The difference between this kind of belief and belief founded on the strongest kind of evidence is like the difference between stable and unstable equilibrium. No doubt there is a difference between believing that a thing is probable and believing it because it is probable; but the two states of mind are closely related, and as soon as a necessity for action arises they run into each other and become indistinguishable. The specific peculiarity of belief on a probability is, that it is makeshift belief—belief adopted from motives of prudence, in order to form a basis of conduct, and not impressed upon the mind by evidence which leaves no room for choice. Psychologically considered, such belief consists in the keeping present to the mind images suggested by other images, which last images, however, are not implied in the first, and would not be inconsistent with their absence. The transaction of all practical business is little more than one vast illustration of the formation and application of beliefs of this kind. The administration of justice and legislation are as good specific instances as any others.

Such being the nature of belief on a probability, we now come to the consideration of the question with which we started. Does the utility of a proposition ever render it probable? There is an ambiguity about this question which must be pointed out before it can be properly considered. It is one thing to affirm that particular kinds of utility may, under certain circumstances, create a probability which would be a sufficient reason for belief, and another thing to affirm that utility itself is, as such, a ground of belief. To believe that your watch is right because, if it were right, it would be very convenient to you, is one thing. To believe that it contains proper works because you expect that it will contain whatever will adapt it to its purpose, is quite another thing. Hence the question proposed is a question of fact. That a particular state of things would, if it existed, be useful, is in some cases evidence that that state of things actually does exist, for particular kinds of utility are characteristic of particular kinds of truth. When, therefore, we say that the utility of the proposition that there is a future state makes the truth of the proposition probable, we mean that there is a special kind of utility which is shown by experience to be characteristic of true, and not characteristic of false, propositions, and that this special sort of utility is characteristic of the proposition in question. This special kind of utility is as closely analogous as from the nature of the case it can be to that utility which, as we have seen, is at once the most general characteristic of truth, and the reason why truth ought to be preferred to falsehood. The special utility of true propositions consists in the fact that they enable those who believe them to make their conduct conform to facts, and this conformity of conduct to fact produces in the minds of those who practise it feelings which are perhaps better described by the word "satisfaction" than by any other. Human desires are so constituted that they are satisfied by truth and nothing else. I wish for a variety of things, some of which I can get, some of which I cannot get, and some of which I can get only at the expense of other things for which I wish more, such as life, liberty, health, reputation, or peace of mind. When, in any particular case, I clearly apprehend this, and have made up my mind either to try to get what I want or to go without it, my mind is satisfied. My conduct is in harmony with the facts. In other words, a very large proportion of the human faculties do correspond with external facts, and it is this correspondence which gives its value to truth. Now, if the assumption which we set out with be true—if there are human faculties of a most important kind which do not correspond with and are not satisfied, or capable of being satisfied, by external facts, but which might and would correspond with, and be satisfied by, a future state, supposing it to exist—then the proposition that there is a future state has one of the qualities usually found in true propositions—namely, that of corresponding with and satisfying human faculties; and this is some evidence of the truth of the proposition, and, as far as it goes, the argument built upon it is not open to the objection that it confounds wishes with evidence.

It must be observed, by way of caution, that this argument does not go far. It cannot be said to warrant any specific belief about a future state, or the circumstances under which it may exist. The suggestion is, we firmly believe, real and important, but it is vague in the extreme. That the existence of the faculties in question does in fact suggest personal existence after death is proved by the whole moral and religious history of the world. Under a vast variety of shapes, this argument has been urged upon all nations in all ages, and has convinced them not only in proportion to its strength, but out of all proportion to it, and has led them to believe any quantity of specific statements on the subject which have about as much real probability in them—that is, as much real generic resemblance to ascertained truths—as a random guess at the contents of a hypothetical letter in a possible mail-bag. This may serve as an answer to the common objection to such arguments—a belief in Pluto and Ixion was in many cases beneficial, was it therefore true? The answer is, it was not beneficial in that particular way in which truth is beneficial.

WEAK SISTERS.

THE line at which a virtue becomes a vice through excess can never be exactly defined, being one of those uncertain conditions which each mind must determine for itself. But there is a line, wheresoever we may choose to set it, and it is just this fine dividing mark which women are so apt to overrun. For women, as a rule, are nothing if not extreme. Whether as saints or sinners, they carry a principle to its outside limits, and of all partisans are the most thoroughgoing, whether it be to serve God or the devil, liberty or bigotry, Bible Communism or Calvinistic Election. Sometimes they are just as extreme in their absolute negation of force, and in the narrowness of the limits within which they would confine all human expression either by word or deed—and especially all expression of feminine life. These are the women who carry womanly gentleness into the exaggeration of self-abasement, and make themselves mere footstools for the stronger creature to kick at his pleasure; the weak sisters who think all self-reliance unfeminine, and any originality of thought or character an offence against the ordained inferiority of their sex. They are the parasitic plants of the human family; creatures which live by and on the strength of others; unable to stand alone, and when deprived of their adventitious support, falling to the ground in a ruin perhaps worse than death. It is sad to see one of these weak sisters when given up to herself after she has lived on the strength of another. As a wife, she was probably a docile, gentle kind of Medora—at least on the outside, for we must not confound weakness with amiability—suffering many things because of imperfect servants and unprofitable tradesmen, maybe because of unruly children and encroaching friends, none of whom she has so much moral power as will enable her to hold in check; but on the whole drifting through her days peacefully enough, and, though always in difficulties, never quite aground. She had a tower of strength in her husband, on whom she leaned for assistance in all she undertook, whether it was to give a dose of Dalby to the child, or a scolding to the maid, or to pronounce upon the soundness of two rival sects each touting for her soul. While he lived she obeyed his counsel—not always without a futile echo of discontent in her own heart—and copied his opinions with what amount of accuracy nature had bestowed on her; though it must be confessed more often making a travesty than a facsimile, according to the trick of inferior translators, and not necessarily better pleased with his opinions than with his counsels. For your weak sister is frequently peevish, and though unable to originate is not always ready to obey cheerfully; cheerfulness indeed being for the most part an attribute of power. Still, there stood her tower of strength, and while it stood, she, the parasite growing round it, did well enough, and flourished with a pleasant semblance of individual life into the hollowness of which it was no one's business to inquire. But if the tower falls, where is the ivy? Take away the husband and what becomes of the wife, when one has been the life and the other only the parasite? Abandoned to the poor resources of her own judgment she is like one suddenly thrown into deep water, not knowing how to swim. She has no judgment. She has been so long accustomed to rely on the mind of another, that her own is paralysed for want of use. She is any one's tool, any one's echo, and worse than that, if left to herself she is any one's victim. All she wants is to be spared the hardship of self-reliance, and to be directed free of individual exertion. She is utterly helpless—helpless to act, to direct, to decide; and it depends on the mere chance of proprietorship whether her slavery will be degradation or protection, ruin or safety. For she will be a slave, whosoever may be her proprietor, being the pabulum of which slaves and victims are naturally formed. The old age of Medora is Mrs. Borradaile, who, if her husband had lived, would have probably ended her life in an honourable captivity and a well-directed subservience.

We often see this kind of helpless weakness in the daughter of a man of overbearing will, or of a tergitant mother fond of managing and impatient of opposition. During the plastic time of her life, when education might perhaps have developed a sufficient amount of mental muscle, and by a course of judicious moulding she might have been somewhat fairly set up, she is snubbed and suppressed till all power is crushed out of her. She is taught the virtue of self-abnegation till she has no self to abnegate, and the backbone of her individuality is so incessantly broken that at last there is no backbone left in her to break. She has become a mere human mollusc which, when it loses its native shell, drifts helplessly at the mercy of chance currents into the maw of any stronger creature that may fancy her for his prey. One often sees these poor things left orphans and friendless at forty or fifty years of age. They have lived all their lives in leading-strings, and now are utterly unable to walk alone; they are infants in all knowledge of the world, of business, of human life; their youth is gone, and with it such beauty and attractiveness as they might have had, so that men who might have liked them when fresh and gentle at twenty do not care to accept their wrinkled helplessness at forty; they have been kept in and kept down, and so have made no friends of their own; and then, when the strong-willed father dies, or the tergitant mother goes to the place where the wicked cease from troubling, the mollusc they have hitherto protected is left defenceless and alone. If she has money, her chances of escape from the social sharks always on the look-out for fat morsels are very small indeed. It is well if she falls into no

worse hands than those of legitimate priests of either section, whether enthusiastic for chasubles or crazy for missions; and if her money is put to no baser use than supplying church embroidery for some Brother Ignatius at home, or blankets for converted Africans in the tropics. It might go into Agapemones, into spiritual Athenæums, into Bond Street back-parlours, where it certainly would do no good, take it any way one would; for, as it must go into some side-channel dug by stronger hands than hers, the question is, into which of the innumerable conduits offered for the conveyance of superfluous means shall it be directed? This is the woman who is sure to give in to religious excesses of one kind or another, and for whom, therefore, the convent system would be a godsend past words to describe. She is unfit for the life of the world outside. She has neither strength to protect herself, nor beauty to win the loving protection of men; she cannot be taken as a precious charge, but she will be made a pitiable victim; and, under the gloomiest aspect possible, surely the narrow safety of a convent-cell is a better fate for her than the publicity of the witness-box at the Old Bailey. As she must have a master, her condition depends on what master she has; and the whole line of her future on whether she is directed or "exploited," and used to serve noble ends or base ones.

As a mother, the weak sister is even more unsatisfactory than as a spinster left to herself with funds which she can manipulate at pleasure. She is affectionate and devoted; but of what use are affection and devotion without guiding sense or judgment? Even in the nursery, and while the little ones need only physical care, she is more obstructive than helpful, never having so much self-reliance or readiness of wit as to dare a remedy for one of those sudden maladies incidental to children, and dangerous just in proportion to the length of time they are allowed to run unchecked. And if she should by chance remember anything of present value, she has no power to make her children take what they don't like to take, or do what they don't like to do. In the horror of an accident she is lost. If her child were to cut an artery, she would take it up into her lap tenderly enough, but she would never dream of stopping the flow; if it swallowed poison, she would send for the doctor who lives ten miles away; and if it set itself on fire, she would probably rush with it into the street, for the chance of assistance from a friendly passer-by. She never has her senses under command and serviceable; and her action in a moment of danger generally consists in unavailing pity or in obstructive terror, as she herself is safe or involved, but never in useful service or in valuable suggestion. But if she is useless in her nursery while her children are young, she is even more helpless as they get older; and the family of a weak woman grows up, unassisted by counsel or direction, just as the old Adam wills and the natural bent inclines. Her girls may be loud and fast, her sons idle and dissipated, but she is powerless to correct or to influence. If her husband does not take the reins into his own hands, or if she is a widow, the young people manage matters for themselves under the perilous guidance of youthful passions and inexperience. And nine times out of ten they give her but a rough corner for her own share. They have no respect for her, and, unless more generously compassionate than young people usually are, scarcely care to conceal the contempt they cannot help feeling. What can she expect? If she was not strong enough to root out the tares while still green and tender, can she wonder at their luxuriant growth about her feet now? She, like every one else, must learn the sad meaning of retribution, and how the weakness which has allowed evil to flourish unsubdued has to share in its consequences and to suffer for its sin.

Unsatisfactory in her home, the weak sister does not do much better in society. She is there the embodiment of restriction. She can bear nothing that has any flavour or colour in it. Topics of broad human interest are forbidden in her presence because they are vulgar, improper, or unfeminine. She takes her stand on her womanhood, and makes her womanhood to be something apart from humanity in the gross. There must be no cakes and ale for others if she is virtuous, and spades are not to be called spades when she is by to hear. She is the limit beyond which no one must go, under pain of such displeasure as the weak sister can show. And, weak as she is in many things, she can get to a certain strength of displeasure; she can condemn, persistently if not passionately. Nothing is more curious than the way in which the weak sister exercises this power of condemnation, and nothing much more wide than its scope. If incapable of yielding to certain temptations, because incapable of feeling them, she has no pity for those who have not been able to resist; yet, on the other hand, she cannot comprehend the vigour of those who withstand such influences as conquer her. If she is still under the shadow of family protection, safe in the power of those who know how to hold her in all honour and prosperity, she cannot forgive the poor weak waif—yet no weaker than herself—who has been caught up in the outside desert of desolation, and made to subserve evil ends. As for the woman who is able to think and act for herself, she has a kind of superstitious horror of such a person, and shrinks from one who has made herself notorious, no matter what the mode or method, as from something tainted, something unnatural and unwomanly. She has even grave doubts respecting the lawfulness of doing good if the manner of it gets into the papers, and names are mentioned as well as things; and though the fashion of the day favours feminine notoriety in all directions, she holds by the instinct of her temperament, and languidly maintains that woman is the cipher to which man alone gives distinctive value. Griselda and Medora are the types to her of womanly perfection,

and the only strength she tolerates in her own sex is the strength of endurance and the power of patience. She has no doubt in her own mind that the ordained purpose of woman is to be convenient for the high-handedness and brutality of man, and any woman who objects to this theory, and demands a better place for herself, is flying in the face of Providence and forfeiting one of the distinctive privileges of her sex. For the weak sister thinks, like some others, that it is better to be destroyed by orthodox means than saved by heterodox ones; and that if good Christians uphold moral suavity, they are only pagans and barbarians who would put out the flames and save the victim from the burning. So far she is respectable, in that she has a distinct theory about something; but it is wonderfully eloquent of her state that it should only be the theory of Griseldadom as womanly perfection, and the beauty to be found in the moral of Cinderella sitting supinely among the ashes, and forbidden to own even the glass-slipper that belonged to her. Fortunately for the world, the weak sister and her theories do not rule; indeed we are in danger of going too much the other way in these times, and the revolt of our women against undue slavery goes very near to a revolt against due and wise submission. Still, women who are to be the mothers of men ought to have some kind of power, if the men are to be worth their place in the world; and if we want creatures with backbones we must not look for them from molluscs.

ARMY EXPENDITURE.

WHILE the late Duke of Wellington held the reins at the Horse Guards, and occupied also a high political position in the country, the public, confident in his ability and knowledge, did not trouble itself about military subjects. It was contented with the director, and was willing to leave with confidence all administration in his hands. But the Crimean war rudely shook public confidence in the Horse Guards and War Office, and since the siege of Sebastopol the actions of both have been subject to frequent, and generally not undeserved, censure. Public attention has been often directed to the working of the twin departments which control the army, and at the present moment there is probably no establishment which is so carefully eyed or so much abused as the War Office. So much so, indeed, that it does not always obtain the credit due to it. The War Office is, as a general rule, antagonistic to the Horse Guards, and is sometimes even at all but open enmity with that branch of the Commander-in-Chief's office over which the Military Secretary holds sway. While at the Horse Guards aristocratic interest and private influence bias in no slight measure the decisions of the authorities, it is known that the War Office is not only generally fair, except when at dangerous crises Parliamentary pressure is heavily brought to bear on it, but is often the advocate of fairness on the other side of the Park. While the promulgated rules and regulations of the service are misinterpreted, or even set aside in the cause of patronage at Whitehall, in Pall Mall all is done, slowly and clumsily perhaps, but in accordance with the regulations. Yet neither establishment is well fitted for its functions, and it seems that there will ever be a jarring dislocation and a waste of time in all our military arrangements until the dual administration is welded into one. When such a synthesis takes place, it is clear that the Horse Guards will have to succumb to the War Office, and the Commander-in-Chief will be metamorphosed into the principal executive officer of the Minister for War.

To such a consummation many Liberal politicians look forward with ardent desire, believing that the cure will then be found for all our military shortcomings, and that by the undivided control of the Secretary of State for War an efficient army will be maintained at a comparatively small expense. This, however, is doubtful. There are some things in which the expense of our army can unquestionably be greatly reduced, but the heavy cost of our army in comparison with the armies of the Continent arises mainly from the absence of conscription. Englishmen object to perform in person the first duty of the citizen. They must then pay specially for a special portion of the community who are willing to undertake the whole duty of the defence of the country and its colonies. Reduction of expenditure will be almost directly proportionate to diminution of efficiency, as long as the axe of reform is not laid to the root of the tree of patronage, and many opportunities for the exercise of interest, either private or Parliamentary, abolished. That expenditure and efficiency may sometimes be proportionate was shown by the letters which lately appeared in a daily paper from General Peel and Lord Hartington. General Peel put his case in a clear straightforward way, and explained at length in the columns of the *Times* what Mr. Disraeli epigrammatically tried to express in one paragraph of his address to his constituents. Lord Hartington was less happy as a newspaper correspondent. His letter appeared in all the glory of a full column of large type; yet few even of his friends could help feeling that he would have done well to confine himself to the business of the contested election to which he referred, and to avoid the dangerous arena of newspaper controversy. His letter commenced badly. A clumsy compliment to a previous leading article fished too palpably for the patronage of an editorial notice. Nor did he anywhere meet face to face the charges preferred against the administration of the army under the Government in which he held the post of Secretary of State for War. These charges, preferred by General Peel in two pre-

vious letters, were mainly that the increase of the Army Estimates, after Lord Derby took office—an increase due to the introduction of breechloaders, the compensation for a great deficiency in warlike stores and *matériel*, and the augmentation of pay to the army and militia—was caused by the neglect of the previous Administration. These charges were not, however, it must be remembered, brought by General Peel *ex proprio motu*, but in answer to Mr. Gladstone's speech at St. Helens.

We are certainly far enough from supposing that the administration of the army under the Conservatives has been perfect. We recognise only too many faults and deficiencies still existing, yet it must be acknowledged that General Peel had the best of the argument both with Mr. Gladstone and with Lord Hartington. There can be no doubt that the army, under Lord Hartington's administration, fell short of its estimated strength by some sixteen thousand men. Hence there was a saving of the pay and sustenance of these deficient sixteen thousand. But we all know that this saving was not intended. If Lord Hartington considered the army equally efficient without them as with them, he should not have applied for them in the Estimates. He convicts himself of either having applied to the House of Commons for an army too large for the requirements of the country, or of having neglected to keep up the army to its requisite strength. Nor had Lord Hartington the excuse of supposing that an army of less numerical strength, armed with breechloaders, would be equivalent to a larger army supplied with muzzle-loaders. He had seen the effect of breechloaders in the Danish war of 1864, yet it was not till the Conservatives came into power in 1866 that strenuous efforts were made to arm the infantry with the Snider rifle. A great part of the increase of the army expenses after the accession of the Derby Government to office was palpably due to the neglect of their predecessors, who had left the arsenals unfurnished with the ordnance requisite even to arm the fortifications which they themselves had put in hand.

Those who impartially review the administration of the army under both Governments cannot fail to perceive that the principal measures of the Liberals were the commencement of the fortifications of Portsmouth and the definitive sanction of the Volunteer movement, which, however, had already commenced under their predecessors. Of the former, the less perhaps said the better. It is now recognised that, after these fortifications had been commenced, and were advancing towards completion, it was discovered that they were entirely commanded from Portsmouth hill. Hence this elevation had to be occupied by formidable redoubts in order to prevent the harbour from being shelled by an enemy who might seize Portsmouth. The consequence has been that Portsmouth has been surrounded on the land side by a system of works which would require considerably more than all the regular troops in the United Kingdom to man them. As, in case of an invasion, the bulk of our army would be wanted to dispute the passage of the enemy towards London, the advantage of the Portsmouth lines would, to say the least, not be unmixt.

The Volunteer movement was undoubtedly, and justly, popular, and it is not surprising that party politicians should dispute with each other the credit of having started it. It must be remembered, however, that the Volunteer army is entirely unprovided with either commissariat, transport, or hospital equipment, that to organize these departments would require much time, and that without them the Volunteers could not take the field, nor fight even behind entrenchments. Before the late Ministers or any other public men can be allowed to make political capital out of the Volunteers, they ought to be able to show that they have taken judicious and effectual measures for developing to the utmost the military capabilities of our Volunteer force. In any case, the formation of Volunteer corps did nothing to help in the provision of recruits for the regular army. The Militia, on the contrary, is the nursery of the Line. The practical mind of General Peel perceived this. He raised the pay of the Militia, and augmented it to its full quota. It is unfortunate that Lord Hartington should have taken exception to this step, which has been almost universally approved by those who desire the real military efficiency of the country as a whole, and not the undue elevation of the more popular but by no means equally available Volunteer regiments.

It is to be hoped that the result of the controversy between the two late Ministers of War may direct public attention to the real points of military expenditure which could be advantageously curtailed. If the Liberal party, when they succeed to power, honestly desire a reduction of expenditure, there is a wide field before them; and perhaps even for the purposes of an election cry a statement of future intentions might be more dignified than puerile complaints over bygone. Candour and plain-speaking in this matter might, however, be dangerous. Really to reduce the expense of the army, and at the same time maintain its efficiency, would interfere with vested interests; and this, on the eve of a general election, may be thought hazardous. The first step of reduction, and one of the most apparent, would be to reduce the number of regimental officers. It is curious to observe, and difficult to understand, how, while a battery of artillery mustering over two hundred men, horses, guns and carriages, and encumbered with harness and innumerable stores, requires but five officers to attend to it, a regiment of cavalry of four hundred horsemen must be looked after by thirty officers. The disproportion is obviously excessive and unnecessary. The English army has a larger proportion of officers to privates than any Continental army; yet

we hear much of the excellences of the British soldier, whose stringent guardianship does not appear, from the last Report on Military Prisons, to be an unfailing antidote to drunkenness. The immense staff of clerks who are maintained for the correspondence of the administrative departments would be another favourable field for reformers. A great portion of these gentlemen are employed solely in copying letters. Are our army economists not aware that by a simple process, which may be seen in operation in almost any mercantile office, letters can be copied much more expeditiously and securely than by means of a pen, ink, clean sheet of paper, and a Government clerk? It can hardly be supposed that both the parties in the State allow these things to continue merely because of the patronage which is involved in the appointment of these clerks. Nor can we imagine that those who sincerely desire the reduction of our military expenditure are aware that there exist in the War Office a large body of functionaries called messengers, who receive salaries considerably higher than those of ordinary curates; and that, as the appointment to the post of messenger belongs exclusively to the Secretary of State for War, these lucrative posts are exclusively held by men who have been private footmen or valets to persons of consequence, and are not bestowed upon old and meritorious soldiers, who would be delighted to perform the service for a much smaller remuneration. While such arrangements as these are allowed to continue without remark, the public may be inclined to suspect that a cry raised against a Government for increased expenditure is due to electioneering necessities rather than to any disinterested regard for the welfare of the country. Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Childers certainly committed an error in bringing accusations against the Conservative administration of the War Office, and provoking a reply from General Peel. He showed clearly that the increase of the votes taken for the army under his direction may have been the misfortune perhaps of the Conservative, but was the fault of the Liberal, Ministry. It was the undue parsimony of the latter which caused the enlarged demands of the former. If Mr. Gladstone considered the Estimates brought forward by General Peel too large, he might have objected to them at the time; and, if he could have convinced the country that they were unnecessary, he might have reduced them before the money was spent. He cannot escape from the dilemma that at the present time he is either raising a mere electioneering cry, or is bound to confess that he neglected to perform his duty as leader of the Opposition. In neither case will enlightened public opinion be powerfully moved in his favour.

When the new Parliament has settled down to work, it is more than probable that the whole question of military organization and administration will be brought before it. There will then be a good opportunity for introducing those economical reductions to compensate for the necessities of increased expenditure which are now so loudly called for on electioneering platforms. It is to be hoped that such reductions may be effected. There are many ways of obtaining a great diminution in the Army Estimates without lessening the efficiency of the service; but Lord Hartington's plan of allowing the army to dwindle away through neglect in keeping up proper supplies of men and *matériel* is surely the most pernicious of all possible modes of retrenchment.

THE DUBLIN CHURCH CONGRESS.

THE Church Congress in Dublin has met at an unfortunate time. It was clearly impossible to include the question of disestablishment in the programme without opening the door for an acrimonious political debate; and yet at this moment it is almost a contradiction in terms to hold an aggregate meeting of Anglican Churchmen on Irish ground without mentioning the subject of greatest immediate interest to all present. It was equally impossible to say anything about the future of the Irish Church, supposing disestablishment to be effected. However doubtful the actual holders of an estate may feel as to the result of an action of ejectment, they are not likely to arrange their plans in public on the assumption that the verdict will be against them. But the subject itself is one of real and serious moment to the Church of England as well as to the Church of Ireland, and a year or two later a Church Congress held at Dublin might have called forth some useful suggestions. As it was, the prohibition against the discussion of coming events was necessarily extended to those in the *paulo post* future tense. The result is that the report of the proceedings reads a little like the letters of the *Times* Paris Correspondent. Whether the fact that, with the enemy at its gates, the Irish Church could sit down calmly to discuss national education, Sunday-schools, and lay agency, is to be taken as indicating its assurance of coming victory, we do not pretend to say.

The nearest approach permitted to the excluded question was a discussion on "Church Work and Life in Ireland." One of the clergy who took part in it admitted with praiseworthy candour that one great difficulty in the way of the Irish Church was the smallness of the Anglican population in some parishes. Church life, as Mr. Jellett pathetically and truly remarks, is not easily kept up where there are but forty or fifty Churchmen. The clergyman can never collect a congregation except on a Sunday; the school-children grow listless for want of emulation; the liberality of the State dries up the charity of the people; and the fewness of the listeners makes it impossible for the preacher to rebuke any particular sin without seeming to put his finger on one or two particular sinners. The Bishop of Derry approached

the question from an opposite quarter. He pointed out, what Mr. Jellett had apparently forgotten, that unless these forty or fifty Churchmen can be transported bodily to another district, the consolidation of parishes recommended by the Royal Commissioners would practically leave them without spiritual superintendence. From what may be termed the bureaucratic point of view, Mr. Jellett was clearly right. The Irish Church would be far more effective as a machine, and would make a much better show in a blue-book, if the area of its ministrations were reduced. But then those to whom the matter presents itself in a less purely official light will naturally feel that the smallness of a Protestant population is hardly an adequate reason for leaving it altogether uncared for. The inevitable conflict between the two ideas was brought out more than once at Dublin; and the fact that a reform on the part of the State and a reform on the part of the Church must necessarily start from different principles and aim at different results seems to offer an insuperable obstacle, if there were no other, to any such settlement as that advocated by the Royal Commissioners.

The most characteristic feature of the Dublin Congress seems to have been its decided, not to say vociferous, Protestantism. Either from want of sympathy with the Irish Church, or from the amount of travelling involved in attendance, the English High-Church party was not largely represented, while the more extreme section of it was not represented at all. If Brother Ignatius had shown himself on the platform, he would probably have received almost as warm a welcome as he experienced some weeks back in Lombard Street. As it was, the anti-Ritualist enthusiasm of the members occasionally displayed itself on extremely slight provocation. Mr. Gambier Parry, who read a paper on Lay Brotherhoods, was listened to with irritated impatience; and when the words "Protestant Nunneries" escaped from his lips, the roar of disapprobation became so great that it required the interposition of the Archbishop of Dublin to enable him to finish his paper. It made no difference to his intelligent listeners that the offensive expression came in a quotation from Southey. No man's Protestantism is sufficiently unimpeachable to allow him to assume, before an assembly composed of members of the Irish Church, that there can be any good thing in Rome. To the Irish mind, to be taught by your enemy is simply to pay him an undeserved compliment. We have little doubt that in many Irish personages at this moment Mr. Gambier Parry is regarded as the newest development of Antichrist, the worst form of the apostasy of the latter days. It speaks more for the Bishop of Oxford's eloquence than for his frankness that, after this outburst, he was able to secure a hearing on the same subject. That this indulgence was accorded was perhaps due in part to his assertion that marriage is declared in Scripture to be "the primary obligation of Christian women," and that celibacy is only permissible to those who have failed, through no fault of their own, in discharging this paramount duty. Even the anti-celibate Protestantism of the Dublin Congress could not avoid smiling at this singular deduction from a solitary passage in St. Paul. A form of lay agency not open to any objection on the score of Popery, but at the same time one of which an audience mainly composed of clergymen could hardly be expected to approve, was advocated by General Dobbs. This model Christian soldier said that he had been a preacher for forty years in India, and that he now "felt a most intense desire to work with the clergy of Ireland." If they accept his co-operation, they will at all events secure the blessing of a candid and outspoken friend, since the General announced that he "made it a rule always to tell the clergy what he approved of, and what he disapproved of." An unofficial opportunity of evincing their Protestantism was furnished to the members of the Congress by a contemporaneous meeting of the Free and Open Church Association. For some unknown reason the interests of pure religion are supposed in Ireland to be intimately bound up with the maintenance of the pew system. One of the Dublin clergy, who is identified with the Open Church movement, was assailed, as soon as he rose to speak, with "hisses, hootings, and cries of 'booh.'" It may be supposed that some peculiar sting resides in this last-mentioned execration, unless it is equivalent to the injunction "Put him down out of that," which was also used by the audience.

It is needless to say that almost every question discussed called forth a good deal of eloquent speaking and—what is a rarer quality in Ireland—of practical common sense. The Church Congresses seem, however, to suffer from the energies of those present being distributed over too many subjects. It might be better if at each annual meeting some one or two questions could receive a fuller treatment, instead of all the topics which most interest the members being brought out at every Congress. The aspect of a large subject rarely changes much in the course of twelve months, and, unless some speaker turns up who has some startling novelty to propound, the proceedings of one Congress read very much like those of another. On this occasion there were two subjects set down in the programme which were peculiarly appropriate for a meeting in Dublin—Church Work in Ireland, and National Education. The temper displayed by some of the most prominent speakers on this latter topic was not encouraging to those who hope to see theological rancour gradually die out in Ireland. The National system was attacked on principles which, if consistently carried out, would land those who hold them in acts of open persecution. The Dean of Limerick, for example, contended that the State ought to insist on the reading of the Bible in all the schools which it aids. This demand of the Church Education So-

ciety is one of the strangest inconsistencies into which men have been betrayed even by that fertile parent of inconsistencies, religious passion. If the Society, comprehending as it does the great body of the Irish clergy, had insisted on the State allowing the Anglican formularies to be taught in those National Schools where the patrons happened to belong to the Established Church, the request would have been perfectly intelligible. The peculiarity of the case is that the Society is quite willing to let catechisms and formularies of all kinds go by the board. It does not even require that the Bible should be taught in the National Schools. Its one demand is that the Bible shall be read in them. Thus, if the Church Education Society had its will, the Bible would be degraded into a mere party-flag, to be shaken in the face of every Roman Catholic child at least once in the twenty-four hours. When such views as these are openly maintained by Deans and Bishops, one is tempted to despair of good government in Ireland, or rather one ceases to wonder that good government is still unknown there. Here are prominent members of the class and creed which has had the upper hand in the country for the last three centuries, whose only notion of dealing with their Roman Catholic fellow-subjects is to insult the priests, to bribe the parents, and to proselytize the children, and whose main objection to the National system is that it prevents their doing any of the three. To what extent this objection is entertained may be judged from the boast of the Dean of Limerick, that there are only one hundred and fifty-five clergymen of the Established Church who have schools in connexion with the National Board.

That the Congress should, on the whole, have steered so clear of the rocks and shoals around it is a sufficient proof of its success—a success which the *Times*, not antecedently likely to be profuse in laudations, admits, or rather urges strongly. The peculiarity of this Congress, as compared with its predecessors, was the presence of a considerable Evangelical element; and wherever this element shows itself, good is done. What we mean is, not that Evangelicalism is a good thing, or makes itself agreeable; but we like to see it. The English writers and speakers at the Dublin Congress very fairly kept up their credit, a credit now well established. But the Irish Church may be thankful for the happy opportunity which the Congress presented for telling the world that this moribund institution could produce and foster such men as Todd, Lee, Jellett, Salmon, Magee, Alexander, and Reichel.

ENCOMIUM MORLE.

THERE was some years ago a little knot of inquirers after truth who used to meet in London to discuss the more sublime and lofty things affecting man and his destiny—including in their researches such trifles as all history, philosophy, theology, and education—who called themselves The First Principles Society. In the end, and the end was not very long in coming, they found themselves reduced to a monthly reunion for the discussion of sandwiches and sherry. It was a collapse of their lofty aspirations, but their end was more practical than their beginning. We wonder whether some such fate is in store for the Social Science Congress. The gatherings of the transcendental philosophers who spend a week or ten days every autumn in discussing the problems of humanity and the laws of being, the ontology and ætiology of society, usually terminate in a cozy dinner or a conversation, heightened by the presence of the *beau sexe*. This is as it should be. But what puzzles us is that the social philosophers should so often turn out to be mere jokers of jokes, and should be only poking fun at us in their solemn sections and grave lectures. The fact is that we have been stupid enough to take these *savans* at their word. We have credited them with being very good and worthy, and of course "earnest," people, "brave" souls, only slightly dull. We have been in the habit of reading, or at least glancing over, the reports of their dreary lucubrations, with an amazed and stupefied awe at their general goodness, and a sincere admiration of the beneficent and philanthropic interest which they display in other people's concerns, with a sly, smirking sense of gratitude and thankfulness that we were not called upon to be present at the deliberations of these friends of humanity. But here the Sociologists ought to leave matters. They should not disillusionize us. They have set up a very respectable idol, and we honour it, not with an enthusiastic and frantic cultus, but with very respectful, if distant, gestures of approval. But if the augurs must perforce laugh at their own rites they should not let us see them smirking. They should at least chuckle in their sleeves. Mr. Vernon Harcourt, this year's President of the International Law Department of Social Science, has just delivered himself of a broad piece of fun which we must say is as much out of place as that outburst of Irish nature which prompted the newspaper reporter in the House of Commons, during a pause in the proceedings of that august Senate, to exclaim, "Mr. Speaker! Tip us a song!" *Historicus*—that is, one of our great lights in law, especially in the law of nations—lays it down, "If the uneducated classes had had the conduct of affairs there would be fewer wars in the world." The greatest of evils, according to Mr. Harcourt, is war. History is, as everybody knows, a mere register of wars and fightings. How has this come to pass? Because the wrong people have had the conduct of affairs. Who have had the conduct of affairs? The educated classes. Who ought to have had the conduct of affairs? The uneducated classes. Whence came evil into the world? From education. What is the panacea of the

evils of the world? Ignorance. What Erasmus said in his sneering way, Mr. Harcourt says in his solemn way, and they deliver themselves each in a different fashion of an Encomium Moris. "Where ignorance is bliss," said the poet, hypothetically and conditionally. Ignorance is bliss, says the philosopher, dogmatically, axiomatically, and generally. Had only fools governed the world, Astræa would long since have returned to it; we should have recovered the glories of Lost Paradise; and we should be basking in the radiance of that golden city, the City of Peace—and Ignorance.

This comes of general propositions, and of casting with too wide a net. A modest reader of history, and one who eschews paradox and has a cautious horror of very broad statements, might have said—the history of the world presents a sad spectacle of war and tumult and fighting; education, such as it is, has done but little to mitigate these evils of a fierce and corrupt nature; communities have never yet been sufficiently enlightened to see their true and highest interests; nations are still too barbarous in their instincts, and too little instructed in the highest ends of social and political life, to see that war is a great mistake, as well as a great crime. Give the world more light, more knowledge, see that every man of every race and language is better taught, and then we should have no war. This would be the language of sobriety, experience, and a just estimate of the dignity of humanity. Mr. Harcourt exactly reverses this sentiment. Had man been less educated we should have had fewer wars. Had humanity not expanded from its savage state of ignorance, the gates of Janus had never been opened. Because the ruling classes have not been sufficiently educated we have had so much war, says common sense; because the ruling classes have been educated at all we have had so much war, says the light of Social Science. If this general proposition is true, it must depend on experience. Attila, Alaric, Genseric, Kouli Khan, Mahomet, Tamerlane—these gentlemen certainly represent that state of society when and where the uneducated classes had the conduct of affairs; and we suppose that we have read history wrong, and that Goth and Vandal and Hun were really peaceful propagandists, and planted nothing but the olive and cultivated the breed of doves. We know—at least the poets know—that before law began to be, before there were letters or a social compact, every man fought his brother for a squaw or for pig-nuts; and during the glorious and golden age when the uneducated classes had the conduct of affairs—that is, when there was no education at all, because there was not even the alphabet—the world was filled with rapine, lust, and blood. A mistake, if not in fact, at least in theory, for the uneducated ought to have the conduct of affairs. Duelling has been put down, says Mr. Harcourt, because intelligence, good sense, and good education have been of late years largely cultivated. "No, in spite of," says Mr. Harcourt. The uneducated classes never fight. The backwoodsman never fights, because he can neither read nor write. Corsica is the most peaceful community in the world, and the vendetta is a mere myth, because its inhabitants have no schools and colleges. You never hear of a fight or a murder in Whitechapel, St. George's-in-the-East, Texas, or California, because the uneducated classes in those pleasant lands have the conduct of affairs.

If Mr. Harcourt's fine broad statement is true, we can only say what a mistake Mr. Harcourt is! Nobody can say that he belongs to the uneducated classes. He has had a very fine education, and he has very well profited by it. He has made himself a distinguished name because he does not belong to the uneducated classes. He has accumulated great stores of reading and literature. What he has to say he says as a highly educated man would say it. Nay, more, he aspires to the conduct of affairs because he is educated, learned, and intelligent. And his ambition is quite justified by his acquirements, and his acquirements are the result of his education. But if this very Mr. Harcourt's *rationale* of public government is just—that is, if government is most just, most beneficial, most prudent, most conducive to the happiness of the world when it is lodged in the uneducated classes—then Mr. Harcourt and the like of Mr. Harcourt are a mistake. We should be sorry to charge Mr. Harcourt with pandering to the lowest vices of his uneducated friends, but when he tells those very classes who have no education that in the old days aristocrats have ruled the world, and they have done nothing but mischief; that more recently the middle-classes have ruled, and that they have done nothing but go to war and encourage war; but that now the turn of the uneducated has come, and ignorance and the ignorant are destined in the providence of God to cultivate all those graces and dignities of man which have never been cultivated before—we begin to fear that he is talking, not nonsense, but something more mischievous, if anything can be more mischievous than nonsense. *Ecce iam aliquis* to redress all evil. Exactly so. Sages and philosophers and divines have all said it. But it has been reserved to Social Science to auspicate the great Regeneration in the political and moral supremacy of ignorance, and to preach the brutal doctrine that the best means to increase civilization is to entrust our political destinies to the uncivilized and uncultivated. However, we shall see what we shall see. "We are now arriving at a new epoch. The Government in future will, in a great degree, be controlled by new classes—the working classes." These are Mr. Harcourt's own words. The working classes—we suppose Mr. Harcourt will not deny it—are the most uneducated classes among us. And they will reform

the world, seek peace and ensue it. Should this turn out to be the case, then all our progress and all our education, all our Universities and Colleges and Schools, have been one vast fraud and crime and treason against man. The truest benefactor of mankind was the destroyer of libraries and arts and sciences; the greatest curse was the revival of learning. The golden age was in the dark ages. The anthem of the new moral world should be the hymn to dulness. There is a good time coming. The Latter Days are to be the blessed era, when there shall be less, not more, light:—

Lo! thy dread empire, Chaos, is restored,
Light dies before thy uncreating word;
Thy hand, great Anarch! lets the curtain fall;
And universal Darkness buries all.

THE NORTH-WEST FRONTIER OF INDIA.

THE interest which has been taken in the report of disturbances on the North-west frontier of India, and a certain agitation which has been produced, are proofs of a great change of opinion regarding one of the most important of Indian questions. Former disturbances in the same quarter have passed over with little notice; even the Umbeyla campaign of five years ago, though it was not less hazardous and cost us more men than the Bhootan and Abyssinian expeditions, hardly came into public notice at all. It is natural enough that this should be the case. Forays among mountain tribes with unpronounceable names are strictly affairs of police, and may be exciting work for those engaged in them, but are not so for a public at a distance, which sees no great interest at stake, and cannot easily follow the plans of campaign. The recent change of opinion shows that, owing to extraneous circumstances, the settlement of the frontier in question is now thought to be more than an affair of police. And the one fact which has changed indifference into interest is the approach of Russia to the frontier—not near enough yet to be a next-door neighbour of the tribes with which we deal, but near enough to affect immediately their neighbour, Afghanistan, and to be reckoned on by all concerned as a factor in a new balance of power. It was evident from the first, to those who studied the subject, that the presence of Russia would have a disturbing influence, but the proof has come with unexpected rapidity. The dullest can perceive that the tribes whom we chastise may injure us by their enmity or serve us by their goodwill; and with such a neighbour as Russia, which may use them to-morrow if it does not want them to-day, our relations with the district acquire a new importance. There are other problems whose difficulty is aggravated by the proximity of Russia, and some vague idea prevails that their solution may also be affected by the present movement. The scale on which preparations for a campaign have been made by the Indian Government has also assisted in increasing the apprehensions that have been felt.

We are quite of opinion that the public anxiety is justified, but the facts connected with the present disturbances would not, under other circumstances, have suggested any great danger. The disturbed district of Huzara is a comparatively narrow one, and the immediate destination of the troops employed is the subjugation of the tribes which occupy it. The scene of the campaign is thus limited to a small tract lying in the heart of that corner of mountain country enclosed between Cashmere on the east, the Indus on the west, and our Punjab frontier on the south. That the campaign is, if possible, to be localized, is also apparent from the selection of Rawul Pindie, Abbottabad, and Manserah as the base of operations, a portion of the artillery to be used having been brought back over the Indus from Peshawur, so that there can be no immediate intention of a Trans-Indus campaign. The actual outrages have also been on a small scale. The first was an attack, on the 30th of July, on a police post of twenty men at Oghee, in the Agror valley, about forty miles north of Abbottabad, but the affair was as unsuccessful as the Fenian attacks of last year on the police stations in Ireland. The assailants were driven back with loss, while the defendants escaped without a single casualty. The prompt action of the Abbottabad garrison prevented any further chance of disaster, a regiment of Ghorkhas and a battery of artillery being sent by forced marches into the Agror valley on the first threat of danger. To make things more secure, more reinforcements were sent for, and the Punjab and Calcutta authorities, on the news reaching them, at once ordered that large concentration of troops which seems to have excited all India. On the 12th of August Colonel Rodney was enabled to assume the offensive in the Agror valley, which he cleared after a slight skirmish. Thus the immediate occasion of a campaign was almost removed, the only other outrages spoken of being the burning of one or two small villages in the British territory, and an attack, which was easily repelled, on a surveying party which happened to be engaged in the hills. No doubt the campaign, even if thus localized, may become a very serious one. The tribes have to be pursued, punished, and even "extirpated," as the Indian papers phrase it, and this with sympathetic tribes all round looking on. Still, considering what was done in 1863 with smaller forces in the same neighbourhood, it may reasonably be expected that General Wilde will stamp out the cause of disturbance with very little loss. His march from the Agror valley into the fastnesses of the hill-tribes may be little more than a military promenade. According to the latest telegrams this march only commenced a week ago, so that nearly two months have been

spent in preparation, and every contingency has, we may assume, been provided for.

Unless, then, there should be some unlooked-for mishap, the immediate campaign need not involve any great questions. But it is apparent already that in principle much more is to be settled than a mere quarrel with a particular tribe. The phrase used is no longer "chastisement," but subjugation—the reduction of the district to law and order, and its government by British agents. The Indian Government recognises in effect the expediency of ruling directly some thousands of poor highlanders whose very necessities drive them to rob and plunder in the rich plains which own our sway. We cannot but govern them indirectly, and in a most expensive manner, by maintaining frontier posts and making continual forays. An expedition like the present, which may cost a million or more, is out of all proportion to the injuries inflicted; yet nothing else will serve, on the present plan, to insure our territory against outrage, and prevent the growth of widespread discontent with our rule. It may well be thought better to make an end of the matter, and render our government less costly, by civilizing and drilling the tribes whom we must otherwise be perpetually chastising. In the present instance the reclamation of the district, it seems, will have the additional advantage of opening up a new road for the trade of Central Asia. But what is true of Huzara is equally true of the circle of hills about the Peshawur valley, on which this district borders, and of the great Suleiman range, along the edge of which our Trans-Indus frontier runs. At any point on this long line disturbances may always be looked for, from no other provocation on our part than the abundance of the plain, which the hill-men cannot refrain from robbing. The difficulty is further complicated by the fanatical character of some of the tribes. The fierce Wahabee sect has one of its homes in the principality of Swat, among the hills north of Peshawur, and we have to encounter the sternest fanatics in all these border wars. In the meantime it is said that there is disagreement among rival leaders of these fanatics, between the Akhoond of Swat and a pretender, Feroze-Shah, who is believed to be the heir of the Delhi monarchy, and that the present crisis has taken them by surprise; but this is a small set-off against the fact of chronic and venomous hostility which Wahabee fanaticism cherishes just beyond our borders. It is therefore by no means incredible that the Indian Government has resolved to grapple with the difficulty, to stamp out the fanatical element along the border, or at least make a conspicuous example, while adopting a system by which chronic expeditions that always inflame illwill against us may in future be prevented. It is not a question of annexation. A range of barren hills would be little worth annexing in themselves. It is rather a question of altering the system of our frontier posts, of assigning to these hill-tribes certain duties connected with our frontier defence which will pay them better than their plundering expeditions; and it will be cheaper to ourselves to buy their friendship than to continue a system of incessant warfare. We have referred to the advantage of securing the trade route through the Huzara district, but the more extensive application of the new policy will equally secure the roads through the Khyber and Bolan passes to Cabul and Candahar, and in this manner also the policy may be expected to pay. There is no doubt, however, that the Indian Government has been roused to the expediency of the course suggested mainly by the chance of Russian complications. The trade routes are also military ones, and by asserting a virtual suzerainty over the tribes whose friendship we secure, we should command every pass from the North-west into the Indus valley.

We are not sure that virtual suzerainty of the kind described, or a firm frontier policy, can issue otherwise than in an actual occupation of certain points beyond the frontier. To command the Khyber pass by a post at Jellalabad, and the Bolan by a post at Quetta, may readily appear to be inevitable incidents in the new system, which begins by assuming that we cannot now withdraw to the line of the Indus, and that the only alternative is a virtual or partial displacement in the opposite direction of an indefensible boundary. But these details will nevertheless entangle us in Afghan complications. The hill-tribes in our front are, for that matter, nominally under Afghan sway, so that the proposed firm policy is likely in any case to entangle us with Afghan rulers, but the occupation of Quetta and Jellalabad would produce a difficulty at once. We must repeat, however, what we have often urged, that the whole frontier question is beset with difficulties, and the only point for consideration will be whether the difficulty is less or greater than those which will otherwise be faced. So far as this displacement of our frontier line is concerned, it is very little open to the objection that it will increase our chances of collision with Russia by bringing us nearer—a consideration which has hitherto weighed more than it need do now when Russia and India are already near enough to make demonstrations against each other possible. At Quetta and Jellalabad there would be, as now, one neutral State between us and the Russian frontier, and the Russian facilities for approaching these points would be no greater than they are for approaching Jacobabad and Peshawur.

But there are other difficulties in our relations with Afghanistan which may soon be developed, and in connexion with which, as well as with the frontier question, the Indian Government may have thought a great display of force not altogether inexpedient. Shere Ali, the selected heir of Dost Mahommed, after some years of incessant fighting with his brothers, recovered Cabul

on the 14th of August, thus finally establishing his authority over all Afghanistan except Balkh and Kunduz, which are yet in the hands of Azim Khan. Strictly carrying out a policy of non-intervention, the Indian Government has stood aloof from Shere Ali, but another Power has been less scrupulous. The friendship and assistance which we would not give he is said to have obtained from Persia, acting in that matter under Russian instigation; and the bribe to Persia is Herat, which Shere Ali is now expected to give up. Will he do so or not? This is for the moment the knottiest problem in Central Asian politics—the darkest spot on all the horizon. Very high authorities in India have no doubt about the matter—that the treaty with Persia is duly signed and ratified under Russian sanction, and that performance will now take place. If Shere Ali is unwilling to keep his agreement, preferring the alliance which is now promised him from India and dreading our display of force, Persia and Russia are to unite in compelling him. For that purpose the Persians have occupied Seistan in Afghanistan, fortifying its capital fortress Sekooah, and they are thus in a position on the road between Candahar and Herat to intercept, when they please, the communications between Shere Ali and his ceded province. The Persians at Merv also stretch out a hand to the Russians now approaching the Oxus through Bokhara, and a Russian contingent may be brought to assist in exacting the price. For ourselves we repeat these statements with all reserve, but there is too obviously a drift of events in the way indicated. The situation is such that the attitude of Persia and Russia can no longer be watched with indifference, and there are many incidental circumstances which give an air of probability to the positive assertions of Anglo-Indian authorities. If not true, it is at any rate important that they are believed to be true by those whose counsels the Calcutta Government and the Secretary for India cannot refuse to hear. The solid fact which may lead to difficult diplomacy, if not to actual collision with Persia, is the occupation of Seistan by that Power. The act is a manifest violation of the Treaty of 1857, which interdicted Persia from occupying any point in Afghanistan, and from all meddling in Afghan affairs; and it is more than a menace to Herat, which was the point we desired specially to protect against Persian occupation. Flanking the only safe route by which the Government at Cabul and Candahar can communicate with Herat, the Persians have undoubtedly reason to regard that city and plain, which they have always coveted, as virtually theirs. Thus the Indian Government awakes to find, not only that its new policy of protecting Afghanistan calls for immediate action, but that action is also demanded for the vindication of a treaty to which we have attached importance, and which, for that reason alone, in a region like Central Asia where reputation counts for so much, we cannot permit to be broken. Altogether, the firmest handling will be needed to bring us creditably through the difficulties which are rising up on the North-west frontier of India. Central Asia is now little better than a magazine getting filled and ready for explosion, and it remains to be seen whether a catastrophe can be long averted.

IMPROVIDENT PROVIDENT SOCIETIES.

AMID the din of clamorous gratulation which ushered in the railway speculations of 1845 and 1846, there was one note of triumphant prophecy to which facts have given a more than usually harsh rebuff. It was given out with a sort of gushing chuckle that now the middle classes were about to teach aristocrats and statesmen the mysteries of finance. Nay, more. The Government and Parliament of England would now learn how debates ought to be conducted, money provided, and great schemes of national enterprise administered. Railway projects were to exhibit the unapproached amplitude of middle-class ingenuity, the adroitness of middle-class tactics, and the fertility of middle-class resources. The Railway Boards were to exemplify the perfection of administrative talent; the Railway meetings, of unadorned eloquence and ingenuous confidence. We all know what came of these highflown vaticinations. If no one else cares to bear them in mind, neither the prophecies nor their falsification are likely to be forgotten by the shareholders in the Great Eastern, the North British, or the Chatham and Dover. At a later period the trumpet of self-laudation sounded the transfer of this vaunted talent from railways to banking companies. It was discovered that pure finance was the special gift of the classes who ought to govern the country. The discovery was a pleasant one, but it also received a rude shock from certain disclosures in which the failure was not more conspicuous than the fraud. The North British and the Liverpool Banks, and Overend and Gurney, have left a mark upon the fortunes of families not less deep or lasting than Messrs. Hudson, Peto, and Betts. In the disappointment of this double failure, the philanthropic inquirer naturally turns for consolation to the schemes and associations of the lower—we beg pardon, the operative—classes. When the fortunes of railway directors and bank managers fell with a crash, the *Bechico* and its allies pointed triumphantly to the superior wisdom and organization of the labouring classes. There we should see neither sordid greed nor rash speculation. The funds which their societies administered were neither imperilled by risky investments nor lavished upon dishonest subsidies. The middle classes might be fools and rogues, but the labouring classes were amenable to neither imputation. Their innate moderation saved them from speculative quixotism, while their native probity saved them from illegitimate expenditure.

They were calmly superior to the attractions of ten per cent., and looked with disdain upon the profligacy which helped insolvent borrowers out of the funds of confiding creditors.

The picture is so charming that one pines to learn that it is true. There is not a man in the kingdom whom its verification would not convert to a hearty faith in the virtues of the British operative. We turn for a confirmation of our belief to the prosaic Registrar of Friendly Societies, and behold! our cherished idol fades away in a dissolving view. After all, the British operative is but as the British tradesman, the British banker, or the British broker. He has the same general capacity for duping and being duped. He is alternately the manipulator of his own, and the victim of others', frauds. But it is just to add, what indeed might easily have been surmised, that he is far more frequently the dupe than the cheat. His want of education, of experience, of opportunities for inquiring—of every advantage, in fact, which might be useful for the protection of his interests—makes him an easy and a helpless victim. He is the victim of circumstances, of his own occupations, of his own love of beer and the public-house, no less than of the glib tongue and oily ways of the idle loafer who fattens on his ignorance. What does the average British bricklayer, mason, carpenter, tin-smith, painter, or joiner know of investments, safe rates of interest, and the just proportion between the receipts and expenses of an assurance society? These are not the things to which he devotes his time and thoughts. His mind is occupied with other subjects—with beer and skittles, with the vices of the aristocracy and the glories of democracy. At the fireside of the Cock and Feathers, he disports himself in the dignity of an Ancient Forester or a Friendly Brother. He is in a position of grandeur and importance. He has the right to walk in a procession bedizened like a harlequin, with an unmeaning stick in his hand and eccentric feathers in his cap; to get drunk and tumble about public grounds in pitiable helplessness, or to illustrate the courteous gallantry of his country by a parody of a Satyr's courtship known as "kissing in the ring." The actual enjoyment of these refined pleasures naturally involves a forgetfulness of the objects which induced him to become a Forester or a Friendly Brother. The ingenious document which promised him three shillings a day when sick, and a splendid funeral when dead, is forgotten amid the fumes of ale and the vapours of tobacco. He reckons and reads nothing of the statement which the secretary periodically lays before his "Branch"; and if he did read it, he probably would not understand it. Is it wonderful that, where there is so much indifference, there should also be roguery and mismanagement, and that those who have the control of funds which the owners neglect should improve the occasion to their own benefit?

That which might be anticipated does actually happen. The Report of the Registrar shows that the funds of the Societies are frequently frittered away on unnecessary costs of management, extravagant salaries, improvident relief, or improvident loans. This document is a very valuable paper, even in its present form; but there is no question that its form might be improved, and made more intelligible. It tells us that in December, 1867, the Registrar sent out 23,174 forms of returns of funds to members to be filled in by the different Friendly Societies. Up to the 1st of July last, only 11,408 returns had been received in reply to his queries. This does not look well for the administrative capacity and honesty of the Friendly Societies. Where there is such a desire to conceal there must be much which cannot bear the light. The members of these societies amount to 1,647,000, and their funds to upwards of 7,000,000*l.* The property at stake is large enough to justify the solicitude of Government for its due protection and management. And the more we examine such returns as have been sent in, the more we recognise the necessity for the most searching inquiry. Not that all are carelessly or profligately mismanaged. On the contrary, a perusal of the Appendix shows us that there are some societies whose funds are ample enough to admit of any reasonable relief to sick or disabled members. For instance, there is the Hampshire Friendly Society, with 3,192 members, and upwards of 37,000*l.* accumulated funds. The salaries bear too large a relation to the resources, but they are not in the fearfully disproportionate ratio which is exhibited by many other societies. Some of the London Societies seem very wealthy, but the returns are imperfect. Of the Burial Societies enumerated by the Registrar, the gross receipts were over 94,000*l.*, while the cost of their management exceeded 36,000*l.* In some of these the proportion of expenses to disbursements was still higher. In one of them, for every 100*l.* received from the members, 49*l.* 15*s.* was spent on management, and for every pound spent on the relief of sick or destitute members, 16*s.* 3*d.* went to expenses. In another of them, out of every 100*l.* received, no less than 63*l.* 16*s.* 8*d.* was consumed on collection and other expenses. The aggregate receipts for the year were about 94,000*l.*, the payments for deaths were a little over 64,000*l.*; so that the payments for deaths and the expenses for management in one year exceeded the whole amount of the year's receipts by more than 6,000*l.* The whole number of insurers was 486,000, and the sum insured must have exceeded 1,500,000*l.*, while the amount of the funds in hand was very little over 67,000*l.* The Registrar mentions two other societies at Liverpool, the "Royal Liver," and the Victoria Legal. The gross receipts of the former in the year were over 125,000*l.*; the management expenses over 45,000*l.*; the amount paid for deaths and sickness over 60,000*l.*, so that for every 1*l.* paid for relief the cost of management was 15*s.* 1*d.* Bad as the state of things was, that of the Victoria

Legal was still worse. Its gross receipts for the year, according to the last Report, were over 28,000*l.*, the payments for funerals over 12,600*l.*, the expenses of management over 12,000*l.*; so that for every pound expended on the relief of the members, nearly one pound more was spent on management. The Registrar does not state what are the salaries of this society's officers; but they must be high in relation to its receipts, for we observe that the officers of the "Royal Liver" are munificently rewarded. Each committeeman has 52*l.* a year, and the auditor 56*l.* No wonder that the funds in hand were so small. The example of the "Royal Liver" is closely followed by many of the smaller fry of Foresters and Friendly Brothers. In one case we find a society of 99 members with only 15*l.* to their credit. In another, a club of 32 members cannot boast of more than 31*l.* In another, there are 41*l.* among 72 members; in another, 2*l.* among 40 members; in another, 4*l.* among 80; and in one case, 1*l.* is the joint property of 34 members.

No wonder that many of the Friendly Brothers, Ancient Britons, and True Foresters are very angry at seeing their accounts published to the world, and that Mr. Tidd Pratt is pelted with threats of the most silly kind for his Reports. If the members have any sense, or the managers any conscience, they must be pricked in their hearts when they see their waste and thriftlessness made the subject of public comment. But it is much to be desired that the knowledge and the criticism of these blundering jobs should be much more general than they are. Even at the best, the societies rarely offer so advantageous an investment as the Post-office Savings Banks. And there are many instances where even the less advantageous terms which they do offer are not faithfully observed. To the poor, who are thus subjected to severe losses, it is a matter of the highest moment that their savings should be protected from careless custody and improvident investment. There are hundreds of "poor man's friends" very active and busy at this moment. But their activity is confined to blustering about their political "rights," and denouncing their political oppressors. But where shall we find those friends of the poor who will condescend to stand between them and the impostors who filch their earnings and wax fat upon their credulity? There will be many a spouter on this autumn's hustings to bellow against the taxation which presses on the British workman. But who will have the honesty or the courage to tell him that the heaviest taxation which he suffers is imposed upon him by his own folly and his own friends—by the liquor on which he spends one-third of his earnings, and by the rotten clubs and societies which swallow up the remainder? It is hard indeed upon him that the wretched residue of his savings which has survived the temptations of the gin-shop and the alehouse should be lost through the fraud of his deceivers or the folly of his friends, and that his first resolutions in favour of prudence should be rewarded by total ruin. Nor will this deplorable evil be cured until the solvency of every Benefit Society be annually examined by competent actuaries, and gentlemen of high position cease to patronize institutions of which they have no precise knowledge, and which derive half their importance from their patrons. The British working-man is often accused of extravagance and improvidence. Nothing is so likely to encourage both as the continued existence of insolvent societies which annually plunder him of his money, without the faintest hope or prospect of ultimately indemnifying him.

CRACOW AND WARSAW.

THE month of September, which brings refreshment to every British subject and vacuity to every British newspaper, has of late become a busy month on the Continent. For while amongst ourselves everybody, from Her Gracious Majesty to the roving correspondents of the daily papers, devotes this season of the year to quiet valleys and breezy mountain-tops, less favoured nations are occupied in watching the wanderings of their Sovereigns—wanderings less intelligible in their purport, and at times less smooth in their accomplishment. King William of Prussia has brought his autumn journeys to an end without any more serious *contretemps* than that of being run aground in the rain at Hamburg, on board a vessel which the enthusiasm of his republican confederates had just declared to be typical of the movement of which he is the acknowledged leader. The meeting of the Emperor Napoleon and Queen Isabella has actually taken place at last, though under circumstances which probably marred the satisfactory enjoyment of so "auspicious" a conjunction. Meanwhile, the Sovereigns of Eastern Europe have been on the move as well as their Western brethren. The Emperor Alexander has passed through Berlin on his way to Warsaw, which has been once more illuminated in honour of its beloved Sovereign; and the Emperor Francis Joseph, experienced in false starts, has made a particularly false start for Lemberg and Cracow. The Polish, French, and German newspapers have been filled with conjectures as to the reasons why, of these two journeys, the one has been accomplished and the other has broken down. Foreign journalists are rarely at a loss to account for the movements of princes and Ministers. Their penetrating sagacity can always explain even the vagaries of Prince Napoleon's endless tours, and divine the reason why Count Bismark's physicians have recommended to their patient the air of an English seaside place. But the breakdown of the Cracow journey has proved too much for their ingenuity, probably just because it really had a secret reason. At

Cracow, on Saturday and Sunday week last, the wildest reports circulated as to the cause of the Emperor's absence. It was known that the Lemberg Diet had passed an address, in which as complete a legislative and administrative independence was claimed for Galicia as that which Baron Beust's necessities have at last surrendered to Hungary. Count Goluchowski, the Governor of the province, had gently protested against the terms of the address, but signified his more than acquiescence in the spirit of its prayer. This was the welcome which the Emperor Francis Joseph, who had already condescended a Polish speech for delivery at the gates of Cracow and Lemberg, was at the last moment advised to avoid. It was for this reason that the banners hung listless on the walls, and the festoons of green stuff abandoned the attempt to form Imperial initials. Count Podolski, the wealthiest magnate of the province, had spent in vain the two hundred thousand florins which were to make his Cracow palace a suitable receptacle for the Imperial guest. The harbingers were already on their way back to Vienna; and Count Podolski himself accompanied them, with a natural desire to inform himself at the Hofburg of the reason why. The streets and places of Cracow were crowded with white-coated and red-breasted peasants eager to welcome their ruler; but there was nothing for them but to visit the graves of the Polish Kings at the Cathedral, which are exhibited by torchlight every Sunday, after high mass, to an eager population. Kosciuszko's Hill, which Francis Joseph was to have honoured by a visit of respect, stood bare and desolate amongst its bastions. And no consolation was offered for the loss of the Emperor's entry, except a military concert, in which the band of an Austrian regiment was permitted to assure an applauding audience that *noch ist Polen nicht verloren*.

Strangers who happened to be at Cracow at the time could not fail, particularly if they had arrived *via* Warsaw, to find much matter for curious reflection, both in the event which had caused the popular disappointment, and in the spirit with which that disappointment seemed to be generally borne. The Poles of Galicia felt an undoubted pride in having, as it seems, perplexed the very Government whose representative they had hoped to welcome among them. Count Goluchowski's resignation, which was already known at Cracow on Sunday week, was an additional exposure of the inextricable difficulties of the situation. The *Czas*, while defending the proceeding of the Lemberg Diet, with polite irony begged the Emperor not to allow his visit on that account to be indefinitely postponed. The German papers, on the other hand, professed to rejoice in the postponement, as a sign that the unreasonable demands of Galicia were not to be conceded; and they found matter for congratulation in the fact that Prince Auersperg, the President of the Vienna Ministry, had been dismissed at the very moment when his policy had prevailed.

But there is now reason to believe that the inspiration which determined the Emperor to relinquish his promised visit was not derived from Vienna itself. Practical demonstrations, like practical jokes, are less agreeable to the victim than to the perpetrator. It was an idea worthy of Baron Beust's fertile ingenuity—perhaps, as has been suggested, even betokening a still more illustrious origin, and warranting the supposition of Napoleonic parentage—to contrast in the eyes of Europe the reception of the Sovereign of what was Russian Poland at Warsaw with the entry of Francis Joseph into Cracow. Everyone knows how Warsaw receives its master. Deserted streets attest the sullen impotence of the population; Russian flags hang from the column which attests how a Polish king *Moscov fugavit*; a cordon of Cossacks guards the entrances to the once royal palace; the theatre, which the Emperor visits in state, is a *parterre* of Russian officers, glittering in barbarous splendour, unalloyed by the intermixture of civilian broadcloth; and at night the city is illuminated in spite of itself. The stranger, as soon as he has struggled through the thousand difficulties which attend the recovery of his passport, and has bribed his way into the railway carriage, is happy to reach the frontier and be free to remember that he is in Poland. The retreating form of the last Cossack sentinel on the bridge at Granitz is passed; and the forty spires of Cracow announce freedom of speech at all events, and the possibility of conversing with your neighbours without danger of expediting them on their way to Siberia. The imagination of a traveller is wont to mislead him into unwarrantable fancies as to the condition and spirit of a people with which he is brought into mere outward contact. But in Warsaw, and in Russian Poland generally, it is not too much to say that one feels the knout and Siberia in the air. One is inclined to suspect oneself of some unknown offence against the existing régime, and to say one's very prayers in Russian according to the formularies of the Orthodox Church, like the little Jews and Roman Catholics at the Warsaw gymnasium. Once across the frontier, and all this is changed. The dirt and the Jews are the same, but these are national possessions of the Polish people. But instead of a country whose nationality is oppressed and trodden under foot, one has reached a land where the Government seems anxious to cherish and foster every national reminiscence, every popular peculiarity. The peasants are allowed to glory in a national costume, which at Warsaw is relegated to the *corps-de-ballet*. Your neighbour in the railway carriage, careless of the possible presence of a police spy in the adjoining compartment, informs you that in his opinion Cracow ought to be the capital of a resuscitated Poland. Your *vis-à-vis* at dinner reveals himself to you as a refugee from Warsaw, and freely communicates his views as to the rulers of either division of his native

country. The Austrian officers in the theatre good-humouredly applaud the embodiment of their own nationality in the character of a Jew who makes himself ridiculous to Polish ears by his High-Dutch, and offensive to Polish eyes by his pocket-book of florin notes. And of the national monuments in streets and churches, every one is preserved with official tenderness, and kept in order by Government guardians. Austrian *Gemüthlichkeit* seconds Austrian policy; and the people are not only permitted, but encouraged, to glory in their national past and speculate on a national future.

Such are some of the outward features of the contrast which the visit of the Emperor Francis Joseph to Galicia, timed so as to coincide with that of the Emperor Alexander II. to Warsaw, was beyond a doubt designed to bring out in its full force. But the brilliancy of such a *coup de théâtre* could not fail to strike those against whom it was devised. A Polish demonstration, in which the chief part was to be played by the Emperor of Austria himself, could not be permitted by his Imperial brother and ally. Popular movements travel fast; and it was precisely at this moment that in the South-west of Europe a legitimate throne had been overturned almost in the twinkling of an eye. The moment was inopportune for coquetting with popular aspirations, however neatly those aspirations might fall in with the necessities of statesmanship driven into a corner. Whether the Emperor Napoleon advised, or the Emperor Alexander protested, or Count Bismarck (who has so unequivocally declared that he has no intention of allowing a revision of the map of Poland) made himself heard from the solitudes of Varzin, is in fact a secondary question. It is certain that the Austrian Government intended a demonstration in favour of the national aspirations of its Polish province, and abandoned this demonstration at the eleventh hour. It was said at Cracow that the visit of the Emperor would take place after all, but in the company of a Russian Grand Duke. The rumour was absurd enough except as an embodiment of the sound view taken by public opinion of the existing situation. Another and a most significant proof has thus been given of the difficulty of the attempt to govern a vast and heterogeneous Empire with a loose hand, and, what is more, with a loose policy. Baron Beust's masterstroke of satisfying Peter by granting the demands of Paul has not resulted in absolute success. Galicia and Bohemia, and other provinces, are at a loss to understand what benefit they have reaped from the concession of Hungary's claims. Galicia in particular has good reason to know the weakness of the Austrian Government, and to press home her demands. The policy of Austria towards her Polish territories has from the first been uncertain and unsound. Maria Theresa took part in the spoliation with tears. Her descendants have frequently found no better mode of reconciling the wrongs of their dominion with the movements of their personal or political conscience. Metternich long played off the national aspirations of Galicia as a diplomatic counter against his neighbours and allies; and the incorporation of Cracow in the Austrian Empire was, though under lively protest, accepted by the statesmen of Western Europe as a *pis-aller* in view of the designs of the Emperor Nicholas. Now that heavy days have come upon the Austrian Empire, now that the attempt at centralizing its Government and legislation in a German city has been for ever abandoned, now that the nationalities have been unloosed in the length and breadth of the Empire, and the demands of one of those nationalities granted in full, the ultimate solution of the problem can no longer be time after time pretended, and time after time postponed. The Moscow democrats have their programme as to Russian Poland, and are carrying it out without much of hesitation or squeamishness. Prussia will not give up an inch of Prussian ground, and proceeds with her policy of Germanization as surely and steadily as the Russian Government with its policy of oppression, though, as a civilized State, by civilized means. Austria alone is wavering between two or three lines of policy. It may be that in the imaginations of certain Vienna statesmen, mindful rather of Austria's past luck than of her present difficulties, there float vague visions of compensations to be obtained on the Vistula for losses suffered on the Adriatic. But these are dreams, and the power both of Russia and of Prussia is a reality. Nor is the prospect of the Austrian Government carrying through a national Polish movement likely to commend itself either to her German subjects or to her foreign allies. The painfully ludicrous episode of the abandoned Imperial visit to Galicia shows that Austrian statesmen cannot contemplate even the beginnings of such a movement without shrinking back from the spectre of their own policy.

NEWMARKET SECOND OCTOBER MEETING.

THE racing of 1868 has been in many respects disappointing. Last year the form of the two-year-olds, both colts and fillies, was so exceptionally good, that it was natural to look forward to a series of exciting contests for the great three-year-old races of this year. But the accidents and mischances of the winter completely overthrew these fair prospects. Influenza made sad havoc in Sir Joseph Hawley's stable; Lady Elizabeth degenerated into a common plater; Blue Gown was withdrawn from the Two Thousand; and The Earl, one of the finest and soundest horses in training, was not permitted to run in the Derby, and was not able to run in the St. Leger. The race for the Oaks was a mere farce, and in the St. Leger eleven

mediocrities were easily beaten by the only filly out of last year's cluster who has preserved her form as a three-year-old. The first of the two great autumn handicaps has been to a certain extent equally disappointing. There was a brilliant list of acceptances. Two Derby winners, Hermit and Blue Gown, were content with their imposts; and Julius, the hero of last year's Cesarewitch, Dalby, Beeswing, and Paul Jones, all Chester Cup winners, were among those who remained in. Lastly, Friponnier, who won eighteen races last year, who beat the winners of the Derby and the Oaks, and walked away from Xi over his own distance, was an acceptor; and there was universal curiosity to see the magnificent chesnut, who, it was believed, had quite recovered from the effects of the influenza that prostrated him in the spring, perform over a two-mile course. There were doubts as to his staying abilities, and the handicapper was so far influenced by them that he admitted him into the Cesarewitch at 8 st. 12 lbs., but put 9 st. 11 lbs. on him for the Cambridgeshire, thus showing that he regarded him as a stone better horse over a short than over a long course. Blue Gown, on the other hand, who has proved himself equally able to stay and to go fast, was made to carry the same weight within three pounds for the Cesarewitch as for the Cambridgeshire. The unfortunate withdrawal of Friponnier, at a time when he was in perfect health and condition, and was admitted on such favourable terms into an important handicap, deprived the race of its most interesting feature; and it is hardly likely that he will have a similar chance of distinction offered to him on any future occasion. Last year, it will be remembered, he was scratched for the Cambridgeshire when that race appeared to be at his mercy. When it was known that this splendid horse would not be allowed to emerge from his seclusion, Blue Gown remained the sole centre of interest; and the universal question was, Could he win with 8 st. 11 lbs.? All precedent was against him, no three-year-old having ever won the Cesarewitch with more than 8 st., and several, as distinguished as Blue Gown, having utterly failed to carry an additional weight to the front. On the other hand, it was said that Julius, who carried 8 st. last year, won with 10 lbs. in hand, and that Blue Gown was a much better horse than Julius. There is some fallacy in this argument. Undoubtedly Julius won with great ease, but when it is said that he had 10 lbs. in hand, the meaning is that at just at the moment of winning he could have carried 10 lbs. more and still have won. It would be absurd to say that he could have carried 10 lbs. extra over the whole course. It was just because he had not that extra 10 lbs. on him that he was able to live the whole distance, and to win at the last with ease. With 8 st. 10 lbs. he would never in all probability have maintained his place as far as the Bushes. The result of last Tuesday's race proved the truth of this, for Blue Gown, good horse as he is, and perfectly fit and perfectly trained, was entirely out of the race, so far as any chance of his winning was concerned, at the Bushes. Yet Blue Gown is a much better three-year-old than ever Julius was, but the best horses cannot do impossibilities.

There were twenty-seven runners for the Cesarewitch. Hermit was coloured on the card, but did not start. The heavy weights were represented by Blue Gown, Dalby, See-Saw, and Beeswing—this last with 8 st. 4 lbs. being the most nicely-weighted animal in the race. Among the middle-weights were Tormentor, Restitution, Paul Jones, Mercury, Planet, Nelusko, Special, Blueskin, and The Spy; while the more noticeable of the light-weights were Warrington, Lady Raglan, and Cecil, and about all three the most favourable reports were circulated. The "turned loose" horses were Planet, aged, 7 st.; Special, 5 yrs, 6 st. 13 lbs.; and Guy of Warwick, 4 yrs, 5 st. 12 lbs. Planet was the chosen representative of Mr. Hughes's stud of ancient steeds, but these races rarely fall to worn-out animals, whatever their weight may be—Flash-in-the-Pan's Chester Cup victory being an almost unique event. When the horses came well into view on the Flat, the cherry and black of Wells on Blue Gown was plainly distinguishable in the front—and a bold front he maintained till between the T.Y.C. winning-post and the Bushes, when the weight told and he fell back. We may add that he was very prudently and humanely pulled up directly his chance of winning was gone. He is such a game horse that he might have struggled into the third or fourth place, but he was happily not spurred and flogged home for the sake of such a barren honour. Coming down the Abingdon hill Blueskin and Restitution were both going remarkably well, and Baron Rothschild's horse looked all over a winner as they commenced the final ascent. Here Cecil, whose colours were not very easy to make out, came away, and Restitution, tiring under his 7 st. 10 lbs., was beaten cleverly by a length. Baron Rothschild's horse ran very gamely, and being by no means leniently weighted, it was a matter of surprise that he finished where he did, though people expect little else but surprises now from the horses belonging to this curious stable. Nelusko—fourth, it will be remembered, in the Newmarket Biennial to The Earl, Blue Gown, and Suffolk—was an indifferent third; and Blueskin, The Spy, and Warrington, all close together, were his next followers. Cecil, by Plum Pudding, won the Brighton Nursery last year, beating Mr. Briggs, President Lincoln, Kettleholder, and Minute Gun. He has run five times this year, principally at plating meetings like Canterbury and Dover, and more probably for the sake of exercise than from any other motive. His owner and friends were evidently well satisfied with the weight allotted to him, and they regard him as a horse of far greater pretensions than his impost would indicate. The other featherweight, Lady Raglan, though understood to have won a good trial, ran very indifferently,

as also did Special; but Warrington ran sufficiently well to have a good chance for the Cambridgeshire. Blue Gown, who was giving the winner 40 lbs., was, as we have remarked, not persevered with, but he ran like a thorough stayer till the weight beat him. Beeswing was never in the race, and it was currently reported that she had met with an accident about a week before, which extinguished her chance, otherwise second to none.

There were twenty-one runners for the Middle Park Plate on Wednesday. This rich prize, founded by the liberality of Mr. Blenkiron, is a veritable two-year-old Derby; but, curiously, the dark horses that ran in it this year considerably outnumbered the public performers. Belladrum's absence in a great measure spoiled the race as a criterion of the merits of the two-year-olds of 1868, and his withdrawal was a great disappointment. It must be assumed that Mr. Merry distrusted his horse's ability to carry his 7 lbs. penalty successfully, for he is not the man to throw away a chance of securing so rich a stake. The principal competitors who had previously run were Ryshaworth (7 lbs. extra), Badsworth (4 lbs. extra), and Pretender (4 lbs. extra). The dark horses included Pero Gomez, Scottish Queen, Tasman, Brother to Chattanooga, Wild Oats, Chatsworth, and Lurline. In addition to Pero Gomez, Sir Joseph Hawley ran King Copethua; and the field was made up by Typhon, Consternation, Lady Dewhurst, Perry Down, Dervento, The Drummer, The Priest, the Crucifixion filly, and Le Saphir. It will thus be seen that the two-year-old winners of 1868 were not very strongly represented; for Badsworth is at present altogether out of form, and Ryshaworth is a long way behind Belladrum. The best-looking of the public horses was Pretender, and of the dark ones Tasman and Scottish Queen; the former by Warlock out of Tasmania, the latter by Blair Athol out of Edith, were the most deserving of notice. Wild Oats, by Wild Dayrell out of Golden Horn, stands already over sixteen hands, and a two-year-old of such proportions can never look anything else than an overgrown monster. Pero Gomez, by Beadsman out of Salamance, is by no means handsome, but is a colt of great strength and power, with plenty of bone, and looks as if he would stand work—a very different animal from the exquisite Rosicrucian, who was too handsome to endure much knocking about. Pero Gomez ran in the regular colours, cherry and black cap; but Sir Joseph Hawley declared to win with his second string, King Copethua. The latter, however, was beaten at the Abingdon hill, and Pero Gomez then drew away, and won easily by half a length from Scottish Queen. Pretender was a moderately good third, and, as far as we could see, Ryshaworth, who ran rather ungenerously, was not far behind. Fordham tried his best to win with Scottish Queen, whose forward position is a credit to Blair Athol; but he could not reach Sir Joseph's horse, who would have won more easily if he had not waited for his stable companion to come. After the extraordinary mistakes which Sir Joseph made with Blue Gown, Green Sleeve, and Rosicrucian, it would scarcely have been credited that the same sort of blunder should be made over again; and it would appear that he is so oppressed with the number of good horses he owns that he never can tell which is the best. Pero Gomez was not in the least distressed; he never turned a hair, and he had evidently been trained to perfection. After his plucky purchase of Blair Athol, Mr. Blenkiron would naturally have been pleased if Blair Athol's daughter, Scottish Queen, had won the prize which he so generously gives; but, as it was, her performance was far from unsatisfactory, and there is every probability of her distinguishing herself highly. From the forward position of Ryshaworth with 7 lbs. extra, it struck us that if Belladrum had run he would have been uncommonly near the winner; but as both he and Pero Gomez are engaged in the Criterion Stakes we may possibly have the opportunity in a fortnight of seeing the question actually decided. The remainder of the week's racing we reserve for next week.

REVIEWS.

TÉNOT ON THE COUP D'ÉTAT.*

THE extraordinary success which M. Ténôt's narrative of the *coup d'état* has achieved in Paris might induce an impartial reader to under-estimate its real merits. When such a book goes through three editions in a fortnight, we naturally look for a criticism of the Emperor Napoleon in which truth has at best been a secondary, and epigram and satire the principal, consideration. Literary popularity has of late been easily obtained in France by anything, however paltry, which purported to be an attack on the Government. In this instance, however, a work of real and lasting value has accidentally created as much excitement as the most ephemeral of M. Rochefort's squibs. *Paris en Décembre 1851* is a remarkable historical study. We have rarely met with a narrative which gives so strong an impression of having been written with a single eye to truth. It may be said, perhaps, that, the history of the 2nd of December being what it is, a Republican writer can have no temptation to deviate into falsehood; that the best indictment against the author of the *coup d'état* is the simple statement of how it was brought about. But historians are not always proof against prejudice because the facts are on their side. Though the devil may be black enough as

* *Paris en Décembre 1851. Étude historique sur le Coup d'État.* Par Eugène Ténôt. Paris: Le Chevalier. 1868.

he stands, there are always people to be found who will paint him a little blacker. M. Ténot secures the reader's confidence chiefly by two methods. He makes use, whenever he can, of Bonapartist authorities, and he carefully abstains from epithets. The effect thoroughly repays him for the self-denial. It is no small credit to a Republican writer to have written a book which we believe will hereafter take rank as the authentic history of the fall of the Republic of 1848. No doubt the searching criticism to which his labours will be subjected may discover inaccuracies which are not apparent on the surface, but we shall be surprised if the general fairness of his narrative is impugned to any purpose. Sobriety and moderation of tone are not an absolute guarantee for truth, but when we consider how easily the opposite qualities can be made to do the work of positive misstatement, we shall admit that they supply a very strong presumption of truth. So far as our examination has extended, M. Ténot's description of his book is amply justified by its contents:—

Je n'ai pas la prétention d'écrire une histoire, dans l'acceptation complète et élevée de ce terme. Je raconte, en simple et modeste narrateur. J'expose les faits; je ne les apprécie, ni ne les juge. Je ne m'occupe donc pas de savoir si le coup d'état était rendu nécessaire par de hautes considérations de salut public, ou si ses auteurs ont obéi à des mobiles différents; je ne recherche pas davantage si cet acte était ou n'était pas légitime; je ne blâme pas plus que je ne loue les moyens mis en usage pour l'exécuter; je ne controversé pas non plus les propos du plébiscite du 20 décembre: je constate les chiffres et je donne les discours officiels prononcés à cette occasion.

No doubt this moderation has had its reward over and above the confidence it inspires in the reader. By its means M. Ténot has been enabled to tell the French public a number of plain truths, without interference or molestation on the part of the Government whose condemnation these truths constitute. "Je suis persuadé," he says with a certain grave irony, "bien que beaucoup pensent le contraire,"

qu'une relation de ce genre, impartiale, vraie, aussi éloignée du pamphlet que de l'apologie, peut se produire sans inconvénients aujourd'hui. Il me semble que ce serait faire une grave injure à un gouvernement fier de son origine, qui se base sur deux plébiscites rendus à d'immenses majorités, qui gouverne depuis plus de seize ans, sans avoir jamais eu à réprimer ni insurrection, ni émeute sérieuse, qui trouve dans le suffrage universel, à chaque élection législative, une majorité compacte et dévouée, qui vient de proclamer lui-même que le moment était venu de couronner l'édifice affirmé des institutions de 1852 par des réformes libérales, il me semble, dis-je, que ce serait faire une injure grave à ce gouvernement que de le supposer incapable de souffrir un récit consciencieux et impartial de faits antérieurs au plébiscite du 20 décembre, de faits *absous* (l'expression est de Louis-Napoléon), *absous* par ce plébiscite.

M. Ténot has not been mistaken. The Government which suppressed *La Lanterne* has endured in silence *Paris en Décembre* 1851.

The most novel, and perhaps the most interesting, part of the book is the chapter which M. Ténot devotes to the Parliamentary history of France subsequent to the 10th of December, 1848—the date of the election of Citizen Louis Napoleon Buonaparte as President of the Republic. The position of this great officer resembled in form that of the President of the United States, except that an additional safeguard against any usurpation on his part had, as it was supposed, been provided by the clause in the Constitution making him ineligible for re-election except after an interval of four years. The fatal distinction between the two cases was that the President of the French Republic had the supreme control of 500,000 soldiers, and could he once gain their support, he would meet with no organized resistance if he chose to make himself absolute dictator. It is true the Constitution had provided for such a contingency by its 68th article:—"Toute mesure par laquelle le Président de la République dissout l'Assemblée nationale, la proroge, ou met obstacle à l'exercice de son mandat, est un CRIME DE HAUTE TRAHISON. Par ce seul fait, le Président est déchus de ses fonctions, les citoyens sont tenus de lui refuser obéissance." And to give this provision the greatest possible weight the Constituent Assembly, which had abolished oaths in the case of every other functionary, had retained this security in the case of the President. France had yet, perhaps has still, to learn that the only real check upon an encroaching executive is the limitation of the physical force at its disposal. It must be admitted, however, that the President was not the only enemy whose hostility the Constitution had to fear. France had been ill prepared for Republican institutions, and the enthusiasm with which their advent had been welcomed in March and April, 1848, had not survived the excesses of May and the sanguinary struggle of June. The elections of 1849 showed the strength of the reaction. Out of 750 members the Republican party could only number about 230. The Orleanists were there in great numbers, and the Legitimists "exercised a considerable influence." Still there was no open violence to be looked for from the majority in the Assembly:—

Très-disposée à tourner hypocritement la Constitution, elle eût reculé devant une violation brutale. Ce qu'elle voulait, avant tout, c'était garantir, à tout prix, le maintien de l'ordre matériel et des intérêts particuliers de la classe moyenne. Malheureusement une passion funeste dominait cette majorité. Elle avait peur du peuple qui l'avait élue; elle avait peur de la liberté; elle avait peur du suffrage universel; elle avait peur des républicains. L'idée que ceux-ci pourraient, dans quelques années, prendre régulièrement, légalement, la direction des affaires l'épouvantait à l'égal d'une catastrophe irréversible.

At first the agreement between the Legislature and the President was complete. The Republican party throughout the country was regarded as a common enemy; the opportunity of putting down a similar form of government at Rome was gladly seized; any popular protests against this step were sternly repressed; de-

partment after department was declared in a state of siege; and for the time the guiding principle alike of the Executive and of the Legislature seemed to be union against the danger which was supposed to threaten both equally. This superficial harmony was first disturbed by the President's Message of the 31st of October, 1849, the indication as it proved of that policy, carefully devised and steadily pursued, which culminated in the *coup d'état* two years later:—

La France, inquiète parce qu'elle ne voit pas de direction, cherche la main, la volonté, le drapeau de l' élu du 10 décembre. . . . Tout un système a triomphé au 10 décembre: car le nom de Napoléon est, à lui seul, tout un programme. Il veut dire, à l'intérieur, ordre, autorité, religion, bien-être du peuple; à l'extérieur, dignité nationale. C'est cette politique inaugurée par mon élection que je veux faire triompher avec l'appui de l'Assemblée et celui du peuple.

This was certainly strange language for a ruler whose term of office would expire in little more than three years, and who, by the terms of the Constitution, was ineligible for re-election. That the Message also expressed his determination to deserve the confidence of the nation, "en maintenant la constitution que j'ai jurée," was a matter of course. The President was never tired of recalling his oath to the Constitution until it had been broken past recall. For a time, however, nothing came of this declaration. The partial elections of March and April, 1850, showed that a considerable reaction had set in in favour of Republicanism:—

Les excès rétrogrades de l'Assemblée législative avaient rejeté dans le mouvement démocratique la fraction très-nombreuse et très-influente du parti républicain, qui avait soutenu la politique du général Cavaignac, et qui, après les journées de juin, avait contribué à régir. L'arrogance du parti prêtre, si puissant dans l'Assemblée législative, devenu intraitable depuis l'expédition romaine, avait stimulé l'esprit voltairien de la bourgeoisie. L'effacement des révolutionnaires extrêmes, joint aux progrès croissants du socialisme libéral—ce qu'on appelle aujourd'hui *Coopération*—sur le socialisme autoritaire, avaient facilité un rapprochement sincère entre toutes les nuances du parti républicain. La résolution, unanimement prise par les démocrates, d'attendre paisiblement les élections générales de 1852, de renoncer à tout appel à la violence, de se cantonner dans la Constitution, d'user des libertés encore intactes pour éclairer le suffrage universel, propager l'idée républicaine parmi les paysans, et d'attendre ainsi le triomphe définitif que du jeu régulier des institutions républicaines, cette résolution, disons-nous, en même temps qu'elle déconcertait les calculs de la réaction, donnait une force nouvelle à la propagande démocratique. Les républicains déployaient d'ailleurs tant d'ardeur, une telle fièvre de prosélytisme, que leur triomphe aux élections de 1852 ne paraissait plus douteux. Telle était, du moins, l'opinion de leurs adversaires alarmés, dès les premiers de l'année 1850.

Under the influence of this terror the majority in the Assembly lent themselves to a step which in the event led directly to their destruction. They combined with the President to abolish universal suffrage. The registration law of May 31, 1850, which, "d'un trait de plume, rayait trois millions d'électeurs," was drawn at the Ministry of the Interior by M. Baroche and a Commission representing all shades of the Right, and comprising the names of MM. Berryer, De Broglie, De Montalembert, and Thiers. The result of this measure was to destroy all confidence in the Assembly on the part of the Republicans, and to enable the President, whenever he should choose to break with the Deputies, to assume the credit of restoring universal suffrage of his own mere motion. During the autumn of 1850 the President made several speeches, in which, while disclaiming all idea of a *coup d'état*, he asserted his own right to call himself the representative of the people, and even ventured on a significant reference to the First Napoleon, who came

à une époque où la nation, fatiguée de révolutions, lui donna le pouvoir nécessaire pour abattre l'anarchie, combattre les factions, et faire triompher, à l'extérieur par la gloire, à l'intérieur par une impulsion vigoureuse, les intérêts généraux du pays.

These incidents were followed by a review of the army of Paris on October 10, at which, while the infantry marched past in military silence, the cavalry broke into shouts of "Vive Napoléon! vive l'Empereur!" The silence of the infantry was noticed by the President, and the Commandant of the First Division, to whose orders it was attributable, was dismissed, though it was found advisable shortly after to reinstate him. The Message at the opening of the Session was reassuring. The President dwelt on the fact that, though the Assembly might essay a revision of the Constitution, he could not. "Moi seul, lié par mon serment, je me renferme dans les strictes limites qu'elle a tracées." Down to the end of the year peace seemed to be restored between the President and the majority in the Legislature. On January 2, however, an attempt was suddenly made to breed distrust between the Assembly and General Changarnier, the Commander-in-Chief of the Army of Paris. Certain stringent instructions which had been issued to his officers during the excitement which followed the events of June, 1848, were published in a Bonapartist newspaper, and the President's cousin proposed a vote of censure on the General for having put them out. The mention of the date of their issue was sufficient to convince the majority that General Changarnier had done nothing to forfeit their confidence, and the Assembly passed to the order of the day. Eight days afterwards the General was deprived of his command. It was a condition precedent to the success of the President's designs that the Commander of the Army of Paris should not be on good terms with the Legislature. At this time, according to a Bonapartist writer, M. Mayer, the design of a *coup d'état* was already formed; but it was essential to its due execution that the army should be under the command of men who enjoyed the confidence at once of the President and the troops. An expedition into Kabylia was therefore organized, "pour faire

des généraux," and to entitle M. de Saint-Arnaud to the post of Minister of War. "Il serait très-agréable au Président," said General Fleury to Dr. Véron on the eve of the war, "que l'on mit en belle et grande lumière les rares mérites et les prochains services de M. le général de Saint-Arnaud dans la Kabylie"—a hint which the editor of the *Constitutionnel* did not forget.

Meanwhile the majority in the Assembly, now thoroughly alive to the danger to be apprehended from the President, was given up to internal dissensions:—

Les légitimistes faisaient échouer la proposition Creton, tendant à l'abrogation des lois d'exil contre les princes des anciennes familles régnantes, afin d'empêcher la candidature à la Présidence d'un prince de la famille d'Orléans. Les orléanistes scindés en deux camps, *fusionistes*, c'est-à-dire partisans d'un rapprochement entre les deux branches de la maison de Bourbon et orléanistes purs, se déchiraient entre-eux. Les journaux royalistes se disputaient bruyamment la succession de la République. Les feuilles napoléoniennes continuaient leur système d'attaques contre la Constitution.

At length, however, in May, 1851, a reconciliation was effected on the basis of a revision of the Constitution, the idea apparently being that if the President's powers could be legally extended by the repeal of the clause prohibiting his re-election, the chief temptation to illegal violence on his part would be removed. This, however, was the moment chosen by the President for making what M. Ténoc characterizes as "a veritable declaration of war." In a speech at Dijon he employed this language:—

"Depuis trois ans, on a pu remarquer que j'ai toujours été secondé par l'Assemblée quand il s'est agi de combattre le désordre par des mesures de compression. Mais lorsque j'ai voulu faire le bien, améliorer le sort des populations, elle m'a refusé ce concours."

"Si la France reconnaît qu'on n'a pas eu le droit de disposer d'elle sans elle, la France n'a qu'à le dire: mon courage et mon énergie ne lui manqueront pas."

Two explanations may be given of this step. If the President wished to get rid of the Assembly altogether, it was important that the majority should not make concessions which would render it more difficult to quarrel with them. If, on the other hand, he was still uncertain on this point, he would naturally think it worth while to gain over the Republican Deputies to the project of revision, by defining his own position as different from that of the reactionary majority. If the President entertained either of these designs he was unsuccessful. The majority were steadfast in supporting the revision of the Constitution, the Republicans were equally steadfast against it, and the result of their opposition was to deprive the proposal of the necessary majority of three-fourths. The attitude of the minority was due not so much to their dislike of a revision in itself, as to their determination that a Constitution which had been framed by an Assembly elected by universal suffrage should not be revised by an Assembly elected under the law of the 31st of May. The relative position of the two parties at the close of the Session in August, 1851, is thus sketched by M. Ténoc:—

La majorité parlementaire, qui avait reçu de si rudes atteintes du pouvoir exécutif, qui se sentait menacée, qui croyait à tort ou à raison aux projets d'usurpation prêtés au Président de la République, la majorité, disons-nous, n'avait pas même la pensée de se rapprocher, dans ce commun péril, de la gauche républicaine. Celle-ci, d'ailleurs, soupçonneuse, méfiante, agrie par l'hostilité qu'on lui témoignait depuis l'origine, se serait difficilement prêtée à une entente. D'un autre côté, le parti républicain était plein de confiance dans l'avenir. L'union était revenue dans ses rangs. Bien qu'on échangeât souvent, de nuance à nuance, quelques récriminations sur le passé, on n'en avait pas moins agi avec ensemble depuis 1849, surtout depuis la loi du 31 mai 1850.

Les progrès inouïs de la propagande républicaine—socialiste, disaient les réactionnaires—dans les populations agricoles du Centre, de l'Est et du Midi semblaient le gage d'un triomphe assuré pour 1852. Les démocrates comptaient bien obtenir avant ce terme l'abrogation de la loi du 31 mai.

The fears of the President entertained by the majority in the Legislature were not shared by their constituents. The latter could see no danger, except in the dreaded Republican triumph in 1852. The "spectre rouge" sat on them like a nightmare, and this fact would alone have made any coalition between the Right and the Republicans extremely difficult. At this time too it would have been a hard matter to get the Republican Deputies to listen to such a proposal. "Nous n'avons pas," said one of them to M. Thiers early in the Session, "une grande confiance dans le dévouement du prince Louis Napoléon à la République; mais nous avons encore moins de confiance dans le vôtre et dans celui du général Changarnier." Rumours of a *coup d'état* were rife during the autumn of 1851. The war in Kabylia had answered its purpose; the army of Paris was in good hands. In October M. de Saint-Arnaud became Minister of War, and the military preparations were complete. At this point M. Ténoc ends his preliminary sketch. We hope on a future occasion to accompany him through the Session of November, 1851, which brought Parliamentary government in France to a close, and was followed by the more exciting scenes of the first week in December.

(To be continued.)

HENRY VENN ELLIOTT.*

IT is not often that we meet with a career so full of promise, yet so abortive as regards any permanent or public fruit, as that of the Rev. Henry Venn Elliott. The outset of his life seems hopeful enough to stagger for a moment those who are from

experience inclined to doubt the fact of any good thing coming out of Clapham. Brilliant abilities, a warm and genial nature, elegant and correct scholarship, blended with culture of a more general kind, and enlarged by travel and by mixture with many superior men and women, were advantages, one might have thought, not to be dwarfed or stifled by the influences of a narrow creed, or to be frittered away in sweetly soothing the ears or gently fluttering the consciences of a fashionable flock at Brighton. It is doubtless no fault of the biographer, who has done his work in a simple and affectionate spirit, that the memoir before us leaves us in the end with so little to justify the expectations which were raised in our minds by college traditions of unusual brilliance, joined with a local repute above that of pulpit favourites in ordinary. We are simply thrown back upon our previous melancholy conviction of the hopelessness of seeing fruit, intellectual, scholar-like, vigorous, or natural, from the most promising graft upon a sour, crabbed, and in spirit sectarian stock.

Born and bred in the very seed-bed and forcing-house of patent Christianity, Henry Venn Elliott drew in from his birth (January 17, 1792) the breath of that peculiar piety for which his double baptismal name, derived from that of the great oracle and saint of Yelling, might well stand sponsor. His father, Mr. Charles Elliott, of Grove House, Clapham, was blessed with no fewer than thirteen children. Of these five were by his first wife, Sarah Anne, daughter of the Rev. Dr. Sherman, and eight by Eling, daughter of the celebrated Rev. Henry Venn, of Huddersfield and Yelling. More than one of the sons rose to eminence and success, and the daughters were in many instances known by gifts and characteristics above the common run. To Charlotte are due many deservedly popular pieces of devotional poetry, among them the well-known hymns beginning "Just as I am, without one plea," and "Nearer, my God, to thee." Mary Sophia became a great favourite with Wilberforce, often acting as his amanuensis, and by her skill in shorthand, added to her gentle persuasions, drawing from him his *Family Prayers*. Her bright prospects were blighted in early life by the loss at sea of a naval officer of promise to whom she was engaged. She died unmarried, having been through life the special companion, aid, and comfort of her brother. Henry Venn received his early training under a Mr. Elwell of Hammersmith, a good scholar, we are told, who turned out such pupils as Cecil, Jowett, Langston, Pell Pratt, and another of the Elliotts, Edward Bishop, in later life a brother preacher at Brighton, and author of *How Apocalyptic*. The religious teaching and discipline there were harsh and forbidding, even in the judgment of the subject of the present biography and its author. All was suspicion and espionage. Nothing was left to the honour of the pupils. A contemporary recalls the fact that he was so disgusted with religion as for years afterwards never to have opened a Bible or said his prayers. Home influences of a more genial kind had a redeeming effect upon Henry Elliott. He is described as a "manly, affectionate, intellectual, imaginative, and somewhat masterful lad." His frame was robust, and his spirits were buoyant. He was a good wrestler, and fond of cricket, skating, and all athletic sports. In his class he was full of emulation, and made sound and rapid progress. At the age of seventeen he was removed to the Rev. H. Jowett's, at Little Dunham, Norfolk. His boyish letters are marked with correctness, spirit, and taste, though we should have preferred not finding him write to his sister of reading Cicero and Virgil as "*mutual study*." We are not going to lay to his door, though we hesitate to divide between author and printer, the charge of taking up the "*Funebris* [*sic*] Orationes," nor will we quarrel about so abstract a matter of opinion as his preferring Lysias and Thucydides to Plato. It is more questionable taste in a young gentleman at school to say of Herodotus that, "though his simplicity is very pleasing, yet his lies occur too often for me to give credit to anything he says." Of this more pert than sensible sally he might well say, as he goes on to say of sundry "purely Virgilian lines" discovered by Mr. Jowett in his compositions, "I mention this through vanity." Possibly the value of this commendation on his tutor's part was modified by the pupil's impression that "his parts were not brilliant so much as solid," and that "the vigour of his fancy might now be somewhat abated at the age of more than fifty." A "tinge of presumption" is allowed by his lenient biographer to be discernible at this early period; which was, however, "all worked out in after life." The point on which he was conscious of weakness from the first was mathematics, and it is the most characteristic sign of the native vigour and resolution of his mind that by dint of sacrificing, as he tells us, "all the desires of a classical taste, and medicining his mind by nauseous study," Elliott came out, in 1814, fourteenth wrangler.

At the end of 1810 he was still slowly passing over the *pans asinorum*, and was heard mourning over the premature vacation of 1811, because he had hoped to read the first six books of Euclid before going up to Cambridge. He even thought of migrating to Oxford, but his friends dissuaded him. Above all, his mother, sprung from a hundred years' line of Cambridge men, wrote to him, "Oxford shall never have you if I can help it." His classics could now come into play. There was as yet no Classical Tripos, but the second gold medal fell to him, Millett of the same college (Trinity) taking the first. All this time and during life, Elliott was sorely troubled by weakness of the eyes. One vacation was sacrificed to nursing this infirmity. College friends gathered round and read with, and to, him. The best men of his day met in his rooms and shared his walks. Bicker-

* The Life of the Rev. Henry Venn Elliott, M.A., Perpetual Curate of St. Mary's, Brighton, and late Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge. By Josiah Bateman, M.A., Vicar of Margate, and Rural Dean. London: Macmillan & Co. 1868.

eteth Babington, Romilly, Sumner, Whewell, are names constantly recurring in his correspondence. An episode of importance in his College course was the foundation of the Auxiliary Bible Society at Cambridge. This idea originated with the leading young men of the day, amongst whom Elliott was most active. He is the "H. E." who is mentioned with honour in Carus's *Life of Simeon*. He failed in his second and third years for the University scholarship. For the College Declamation Prize he was second to the late Vice-Chancellor Kindersley's first. As B.A. he obtained the College prize of 10*l*. for an essay on the Life and Character of King William III. On the second trial in the year 1816 he was elected Fellow of Trinity. A specimen of his work at the examination, the translation into English verse of the well-known chorus in the *Edipus Coloneus*, given by his biographer, speaks well for his powers both of scholarship and of impromptu versification. He had scarcely left the Senate House when the offer was made him by Dr. Butler, through Professor Monk, of an assistant-mastership at Harrow. This however was declined, as was also the offer of the Professorship of Theology and Classics at Hayti, with 800*l*. a year and the prospect of a bishopric. His life at this time consisted, we are told, in "reading for his fellowship, taking pupils, spending his long vacation in choice country spots, and, besides enjoying the intimacy of his own family, cultivating the society of such friends as Hannah More, the Wilberforces, and the Trevellyans." He himself gives us a glimpse or two of this retired portion of his career. At a Bible-meeting at Chepstow, where he had been speaking for twenty minutes without hesitation, he suddenly "lost all his ideas." He must have "had a face of brass to speak before Hannah More." A generation to whom that awful woman is only known by nursery tradition or the prints of the period will be inclined to sympathize with the unfortunate young speaker. He was much struck with the humility and reserve of Dr. Chalmers, who was entertained by himself and his brother Edward, then a co-Fellow of Trinity. Of these two brothers it was said, "The Elliotts' lamp never went out all the night. The one read early, the other late."

Till long after this time Henry Elliott had no intention of taking orders. "He was mourning," says his biographer, "over a cold heart and affections estranged from God." "My evidences were," he himself writes, "trembling and doubtful." The offering of the curacy of Harrow from his friend Cunningham was declined. He was shaken by the defection of a College friend, Mr. Snow, to dissent, and feared being compromised by it. A morbid change seems to have come over him, the consequence apparently of what he speaks of with emphasis to his friend Babington as "dissatisfaction with myself." His family had no charms for him. "His correspondence, which used to be loving and affectionate, had become somewhat harsh and exacting. His friend complained, and he replied with floods of tears, and many apologies." The best thing happily suggested itself—a tour abroad. This was the sensible advice of Henry Spurling, a friend who was otherwise of a whimsical turn of mind. "Without a home, without a guide, without a servant, without a friend or companion, he travels on foot from place to place. His little Bible, which is always in his hand, is his guide, his friend, his company." He seems to have been a kind of prototype of the Rev. Mr. Speke. "This," says Henry Elliott, "seems to me the essence of religion." With a few select friends he spent nearly three years in the round of Switzerland, Italy, Greece, the Holy Land, and Asia Minor. Having good introductions he mixed in the best society, and his correspondence shows that his mind was open to new and lively impressions. He met the Baroness de Krudener, and thought her mad. At the Great St. Bernard what surprised him most was to find in the monks' ritual "the original of the finest pieces of our own worship"—a sign of the backward state of ritual knowledge at the Universities half a century ago. At Florence he fell in love with the Venus de' Medici, and at Rome in due course he was, as half-classical, half-evangelical, "infinitely delighted and infinitely grieved." In Greece he talked Romaine. In the East he let his moustache grow, wore a flowing dress, and passed for a Turk.

On his return, after filling a few minor College offices, and actively canvassing for Lord Herve at the election of 1822, he was tempted to take the curacy of Ampton. Living in Lord Calthorpe's house, and enjoying the pleasant society of the place, made him indeed suspect that he was "serving the Lord on easy terms." He was ordained deacon by Dr. Sparks of Ely, Nov. 2, 1823, and priest by Dr. Bathurst of Norwich, June 13, 1824; Dr. Valpy, the examining chaplain, stating that his was the best examination he had ever known. From Ampton, where he never felt at home, he removed to the proprietary chapel which his father had for many years been engaged in building at Brighton, and which is now known as St. Mary's Church. He took pupils at a high figure in augmentation of his income, which we are told was small, being derived from pew-rents, a system in which he had not (any more than the present Bishop-designate of Peterborough) had till after leaving the Octagon and Quebec chapels) discovered any ill odour. He was a popular and effective preacher, mixing much feeling with the strong evangelical savour of his discourses. He had good sense enough, as his biographer is right in avowing, to fall back upon other men's sermons when hard pressed. His journals speak of his preaching Mr. Rolleston's sermon on the Pure of Heart, and Mr. Spragge's on the Syro-Phœnician Woman, as well as both parts of the Homily

on Holy Scripture. Of his friends' auxiliary exercises in his pulpit he kept notes often more candid than complimentary. One anonymous initial is coupled with "tenuissimus," another with "metaphysical nonsense"; a third is "an illustration of Cowper's clerical coxcomb." He was not, at the outset at least, narrow in his selection. The names of J. H. Newman, Robert Wilberforce, and E. B. Pusey alternate with those of Charles Simeon, Daniel Wilson, and Basil Woodd.

It was not till he was over forty-one that Elliott married. At college he had "felt more and more that acquaintance with young ladies was delicate and dangerous." "We cannot be too much on our guard, both on our account and theirs, and there is nothing in which we have to pray more for God's assistance and direction." Once about that time he "was like a moth willing to fly about the flame," but it was not till 1827 that he made the acquaintance of Julia, daughter of Mr. John Marshall, of Hillsteads, Ulleswater, and on October 31, 1833, made her his wife. To others besides her attached and admiring husband this lady seems to have been a model of both mental and personal excellence. Extracts from her poems show her to have had high gifts of intellect and feeling. One of those given here was declared by Mendelssohn to have succeeded beyond any other attempt in expressing what he had meant in one of his Songs without Words. The great shock of Henry Elliott's life was her death by fever, after eight years of unalloyed happiness, leaving him with five young children. He never regained his natural buoyancy and freshness of spirit, though he continued his active ministrations and the many works he had set on foot for the welfare of his district. His chief and favourite enterprise was the foundation of St. Mary's Hall, for the daughters of necessitous clergymen. The assistance of friends, backed by his own liberality, enabled him to leave this useful institution well organized and fairly endowed at his death, January 6, 1865. His ministry, though acceptable to a large and attached congregation, was marked by few incidents, and has left little on which the attention of the public can be fixed. In private he was deservedly beloved and esteemed. His later life is described as a "pleasant floating down the stream." With ample means, promising children, sympathetic friends of high and low degree, and congenial work of a kind more varied than severe, how could it be otherwise? His not having risen to higher place rather puzzles and vexes his biographer, who consoles himself by the thought that, "as Wilberforce amongst the nobles, so was Elliott amongst the dignitaries." "God has kept me back from honour" was what he himself would say. It is possible that his unbusinesslike habits and want of worldly knowledge had something to do with it. What he called his "Balaclava," a wild tumult of letters and papers, was not the kind of study people associate with the idea of a well-ordered diocese or archdeaconry. He was absent-minded, hurried, and unmethodical, driving, as some one said, with loose reins even to the end. In such appearances as he made before the more general public he was not uniformly happy. In the year 1862 he got himself involved in a squabble with the *Times* by a speech against opening the Crystal Palace on Sundays, in which he was conceived to cast a charge of venality upon the public press. He was at the same time always ready with excuses for driving in his carriage to church on Sundays. We are glad to hear that, "in the article of food, he always made Sunday a festival to his children." It may have been part of the same amiable weakness that he never could bear being by when a child had its tooth out, but he "spent the time in prayer." It must be in private life and in the domestic circle that a character like this is seen at its best. The "track of light" which, to the eyes of his biographer, "he has left behind" is scarcely one to make itself extensively visible, or to form much of a beacon in times of darkness, bewilderment, and strife.

COX'S TALES OF ANCIENT GREECE.*

MR. COX has done wisely in gathering together all his stories on Greek Mythology into one volume, and in giving them a somewhat different shape. His first book of the kind, the *Tales from Greek Mythology*, published now seven years ago, was an experiment. Those tales were intended for very young children, and the style employed was in some places needlessly childish. The experiment succeeded, and two other volumes followed—the *Tales of the Gods and Heroes* and the *Tales of Thebes and Argos*. In these Mr. Cox adopted a style which was somewhat more advanced, but without at all departing from the simplicity and beauty of the first series. And, what was more to the point, in these two volumes he directly connected his stories with that theory of Comparative Mythology which was hardly more than hinted at in the short Preface and Notes to the *Tales from Greek Mythology*. To each volume he prefixed an Introduction, going very elaborately into the whole matter, and working out in detail those views on mythological subjects which he had learned—we are sure that he would be the last to hide the source of his inspiration—from Professor Max Müller. Of those Prefaces we have spoken more than once. Of the theory, invented neither by Professor Müller nor by Mr. Cox, but introduced to Englishmen by the one and popularized by the other, we have also spoken more than once. Our own position is one neither of unreserved acceptance nor of unreserved rejection. The theory

* *Tales of Ancient Greece*. By the Rev. G. W. Cox, M.A. London: Longmans & Co. 1868.

is very pretty, very ingenious, we do not doubt that it contains a large measure of truth, but we feel sure that its votaries press it too far. We had rather therefore, as the study is so new an one, stand by for a while and see what comes of it. But, as to the ingenuity of Mr. Cox's speculations, and as to the beauty as compositions of the Prefaces in which they were set forth, there cannot be two opinions. Mr. Cox, though he got his first start from Professor Müller, by no means confined himself to saying over again what Professor Müller had said already. He developed for himself the principles from which he started, and worked out many new illustrations and applications of them. And he did this with a most remarkable power of clear and eloquent English writing. Mr. Cox's Prefaces, in short, were masterpieces in their own line. But as Prefaces they were misplaced. They were unequally yoked together with the tales themselves in volumes of which they filled a disproportionate part. In the Tales of Thebes and Argos the Introduction is not much short of half the whole book. And the two parts, the Introductions and the Tales themselves, were designed for different classes of readers. Any one might read the Tales with pleasure, but they were primarily meant for quite young readers, while the Introductions are suited only for actual students of Mr. Cox's subject. Such elaborate and eloquent essays were out of place in a child's book. We suspect that the place in which they appeared went far to hide them from the knowledge of those who could appreciate them. Mr. Cox's Tales have been thoroughly successful as tales. But we fancy that his mythological essays remain comparatively little known to scholars, because scholars have commonly not cared to take up a book which seemed to be a mere book of children's stories. This, we believe, has been still more completely the case with his historical book, the Tale of the Great Persian War. Mr. Cox's essay on the credibility of Herodotus, which is really, on a smaller scale, a companion piece to Sir George Lewis's Credibility of the Early Roman History, has remained almost wholly unknown to historical students, simply because it was appended to what seemed to be a mere book for children. Mr. Cox has therefore done wisely in separating the two incongruous elements in his books. We could almost wish that he had carried the process still further, and had got rid of even the shorter Introduction and the Notes which still form a part of the present volume. Mr. Cox now, as he says, mainly gives results, and he has a right to do so. Whether we are all ready to accept his system or not, he has already discussed it so thoroughly that he has a right to assume it for his own purposes. We think then that, in this reissue, he might have fairly dispensed with all prefatory and illustrative matter, and have simply put forth his tales as tales. What he gives us however is a good and clear summary of his own system as applied to the tales contained in the volume. As a summary, it hardly affords scope for the power and grace of composition which were so conspicuous in Mr. Cox's other Prefaces; but on the other hand, it is much more systematic, and is better suited for its immediate purpose as a Preface to the book to which it is prefixed.

The fuller examination of all these matters is doubtless reserved for the work on "the Mythology of the Aryan Nations," which is announced on Mr. Cox's fly-leaf as "preparing for publication." In such a work the substance of his former Prefaces will be in its proper place—far more in its proper place than when it took the shape of detached Introductions to the several collections of tales. We presume that, in the Mythology of the Aryan Nations, we shall get the final form of Mr. Cox's researches. We shall be thoroughly glad to see such a work done systematically by a hand so well capable of dealing with the subject. But we trust that it will be a final form. The readers of Mr. Cox's various writings, with all their admiration for his power of composition and his ingenuity of speculation, have most likely been now and then tempted to charge him with saying the same thing over and over again oftener than need be. The fault is one which it is hard for an author to avoid who deals with the same subjects at various times and places, and always in a somewhat unsystematic shape. Still it is a fault, and it is a fault against which Mr. Cox will do well to be on his guard. In a formal and systematic work on the subject, he will do quite right to say, once more and once for all, all that he has hitherto said in different places. But he must take care that it is once more and once for all.

One sentence in the announcement of Mr. Cox's intended greater work we are sorry to read. He tells us that the "largest portion of the work must be given to the mythology of the Greeks and Latins." Of the other Aryan mythologies all he says is that "the necessity of tracing the myths of these nations [the Greeks and Latins] to the earliest and simplest form in which they come before us involves an examination of the mythical systems and literature of the Hindu, the Persian, and the Teutonic nations." We will not say of Mr. Cox, in the words of a fine bit of old Swabian on which we lately lighted, "Nein zwar nit wirdig was er, den Namen eins Tütschen ze haben"; but we do protest against our own forefathers being, in a systematic examination of the mythology of the Aryan nations, thus irreverently thrust into a corner, as something to be dealt with, not for its own sake, but only so far as it illustrates something else. Indeed it does not seem to us philosophical thus to select one or two mythologies as primary, and to treat the others as if their importance was owing to their connexion with these selected favourites. And this banishment to a secondary position seems still less appropriate when one of the systems so treated is the oldest surviving member of the family, and when the other has at least the personal claim of being that which most nearly touches ourselves. Mr. Cox should

surely put the great historical mythologies, Indian, Greek, Teutonic, on an exact level. And if he can find out something to tell us about other Aryan systems, about Slavonic, Lithuanian, and Celtic mythologies, it will be a great gain. A scientific view of the objects of Druidical worship would indeed be something worth having.

But we must turn from what Mr. Cox purposes doing to what he has actually done. In the present volume he has collected all the stories which were in the three earlier series; he has arranged them in a more systematic order, and he has completed his Trojan division by a new tale, headed "the Vengeance of Odysseus." It is well and vigorously told, but it does not strike us as one of Mr. Cox's happiest efforts. Like some of the others, it comes too directly into competition with Homer. In a great number of Mr. Cox's tales, the myths which he has to repeat lurk in prose writers, in Latin poets, or in passages of the dramatic writers where there is no direct narrative. Mr. Cox therefore does not come into competition with any native tale-teller. The tale of "Io and Prometheus," for instance, one of the very best of his stories, and which contains perhaps the finest passage in the whole collection, is of course, both in its general subject and in many particular expressions, suggested by the tragedy of Æschylus. But Æschylus does not directly narrate; so there is no competition between the ancient and the modern writer, and the passages which remind us of passages of Æschylus please us all the more for so reminding us. But the Vengeance of Odysseus is told to us in a direct narrative which can never be surpassed or equalled. A modern writer telling it over again must either simply reproduce Homer or give us something inferior to Homer. The death of the dog Argos should never be told again, except in the exact words which have made his end immortal. A reader familiar with Homer is therefore disappointed with the Vengeance of Odysseus, while a reader familiar with Æschylus is all the better pleased with Io and Prometheus. Not that we at all blame Mr. Cox for not succeeding where no one can succeed. And he of course bears in mind, what practically is very much to the purpose, that the greater number of the readers of his Tales of Ancient Greece will not be also readers of the Odyssey.

In the present volume Mr. Cox has certainly improved some of the tales which appeared in the first series, the Tales from Greek Mythology, by getting rid of a few expressions here and there which were really too childish. He has also gone further than he ever ventured to do before in giving Greek names the Greek spelling. This practice, we need not say, is now usual in Germany, and it is gradually, though slowly, making its way in England. Its adoption by Mr. Cox is likely to give the practice a special lift. The only objection to it is the oddness of the look of the Greek forms in the eyes of those who have been all their days used to the Latin forms. But, by Mr. Cox's help, a good many people will now see the Greek forms before the Latin forms, and the strangeness will then be all the other way. He has not, however, reached perfect consistency in this matter. He excepts, we think rightly, some few names which have an English form, or where the Latin form has become so familiar that it may be looked on as an English form. This might perhaps be a reason for talking of the *Phæaciens* even in a tale where he talks about *Eumaios*. But neither Mr. Cox nor Mr. Grote can reconcile us to *Phæaciens*, which is neither one thing nor the other. It may be a question between *c* and *k* to express the Greek *k*, if we remember that *c* alone is the ancient English letter. But, if we profess to follow the Greek spelling at all, *ai* should surely remain *ai*.

It is, we think, Professor Müller who says that, attractive as these tales are, an English child, simply because it is an English child, would instinctively prefer the Northern Tales to the Greek. We do not think that experience bears this out. We should rather say that English children make no difference between Greek and Scandinavian stories, but take each according to their own merits, according to the intrinsic interest of each, and the degree of skill with which each is told. We fancy that it would be much the same with tales from any quarter, provided only the names are such as may be uttered. We should hardly expect a book of Mexican stories to become the chief favourite in an English schoolroom. The one great enemy to be struggled against, whether in the study of language, history, mythology, or any other, is the superstition which looks, whether for honour or for dishonour, on things "classical" as something apart from all others, as in fact hardly human. One of the best effects of Mr. Cox's labours must be that those who begin his course early cannot help realizing from the first that the old Greeks were simply men, and not only men, but men closely allied to ourselves by blood and speech, and by a common treasure of thought and belief.

THE AUTHOR'S DAUGHTER.*

THE *Author's Daughter* is a typical novel of a kind which is only too likely to become common. Novel-readers, taken in the mass, are as indiscriminating a public, at any rate they are as servile followers of fashion, as could very well be named. And now that it has been so long impressed upon them by reviewers and the more critical of their acquaintance, that quiet and

* *The Author's Daughter*. By Catherine Ellen Spence, Author of "Mr. Hogarth's Will," "Tender and True," &c. 3 vols. London: Richard Bentley. 1868.

substantial character-drawing is preferable to a jerky variety of incident, the most obtuse of them have gradually become awake to the fact that Mr. Anthony Trollope is not on the whole an inferior writer to Mrs. Henry Wood. One consequence of which is that there never was a time when a novel which bears upon the face of it a determination on the part of the author to eschew liveliness of incident, and to rely for effect upon simple sketches of human character, had a better chance than now of meeting with a cordial reception from the class of readers which supports the circulating libraries. It is to be deplored that amongst other results of what is undoubtedly a very healthy reaction is the multiplication of a class of stories of which the *Author's Daughter* is a very fair average specimen.

No one, we imagine, will read the novel with more thorough distaste than the genuine admirers of the best writers of the school of which its author is a follower. Nothing can be more irritating than to see shortcomings, which exist only as undeveloped germs in a favourite writer, exaggerated into full-grown deformities in the works of an imitator. Novelists of the calibre of Miss Spence are unconsciously doing all that in them lies to bring into disrepute the class of stories which they honour with the fatal flattery of their imitation. Any critical reader will at once discern the excellence of the thing imitated, and the worthlessness of the imitation; but the majority of novel-readers are not critical, and some of them may probably enough fail to perceive the wide gulf which separates a dull and flavourless publication, such as that before us, from any one of the very excellent novels which may possibly appear to them to have been constructed on a similar plan. They have learnt the lesson that a narration of ordinary circumstances may be made, by a competent artist, quite as entertaining as the piling up of harrowing and romantic incidents. The present novel is a narration of circumstances which are certainly not romantic. Argal, it is the proper thing to pronounce the present novel entertaining.

Let us examine its claims to favourable consideration from the critic. In the first place, it consists of nearly a thousand pages, rather more closely printed than usual; whereas an ordinary writer would have compressed the whole of the matter in it, such as it is, into a hundred and fifty at the most. The charitable may, if they feel so inclined, take this as a proof that the authoress knows how to make the most of her subject. But those who read the story carefully will find that it has been built up on much the same principle as a Chinese play, the sins of omission being accounted deadly, and those of commission venial. The great secret for bringing the characters vividly before the reader is apparently held to consist in talking about them long enough. No circumstance which has anything to do with them is too trivial to be reported in the baldest manner; indeed, it would appear to be the opinion of the authoress that the more trivial it is, the better. The novel is evidently intended for that particular class of minds to whom no details upon any subject are insignificant, and no information, however uninteresting, comes amiss. Then with regard to the sayings and doings of the principal personages; of these an exhaustive narration is invariably given, with precisely the same amount of the same kind of verbiage, and the reader is never spared one word of the conversation of any one of the longwinded and prosy persons who play the part of leading characters. Even their letters are generally given at full length, and both letters and conversations are supplemented with a minute and circumstantial account of the state of mind of the speakers and writers, and the different commonplace motives which induced them on each several occasion to deliver themselves of their commonplace utterances. Nothing is left to the imagination. Everything is chronicled with a never-varying abundance of unnecessary detail, which could hardly be surpassed supposing the characters were all historical personages, and the author were collecting together materials to be sifted and arranged by a more artistic successor. After reading the novel through, one is possessed by an ineradicable conviction that it would be easy, on looking back, to find an authentic relation of what each particular bore was doing and thinking about at any moment of the narrative.

Such a system of novel-writing could only be justified by one result. Supposing that, as time went on, the reader got a better acquaintance with the people introduced to him, or had occasionally a new flood of light thrown upon portions of their previous conduct which had before appeared unnatural, supposing that the characters in any way developed or possessed any individuality or novelty or flavour, some excuse might be admitted for the tediousness of their delineation, and the author might deserve a certain amount of qualified praise as the composer of a dull, but in some respects meritorious, story of still life. But, as it is, the book only suggests unpleasant reflections on the poverty of imagination and the prosaic order of mind which, after bringing together a collection of such very antique lay figures, has dressed them up in such a very unattractive manner. Considering the unconscionable length of time during which the most prominent of them are kept before us, and the number of times that we are called upon to inspect the inner machinery of their minds, and to listen to the very monotonous flow of their prosy eloquence, surely we have legitimate cause for complaint when at the end of the exhibition we find ourselves utterly unable to realize any one of the persons who has been engaged in the performance. We know, for instance, that the Earl of Darlington was a man of large landed estates, that he was fifty-three years old but looked younger, that he had a bad constitution and engaging manners, and that he wanted to marry the heroine, who was nineteen.

Everything that he does and says is said and done with a view to making her marry him, which of course is very natural, since everybody from personal experience can bear testimony to the fact that men in real life generally say and do everything, every day, with a view to one particular object which they have constantly before their eyes. What the Earl would have said and done if he had never met with the heroine, what he said and did for the first fifty-three years of his life, what he would have said and done supposing he had come across anybody who had no remote connexion with the heroine, which he unfortunately never does in the course of the story, are matters concerning which it would be impossible for the most ingenious reader of the novel to form any reasonable conjecture. All that we do know is that he was "one of the cleverest men in England," though in what particular line we are not told; that he gave himself up for more than a year to this one design of inducing the heroine to accept him; that he behaved in the most exemplary manner till he was finally rejected, after which "he led a gay life at Paris" for three months, the result of which was that he had a paralytic seizure at the Opera, at the sight of his old flame sitting by the side of his more youthful rival. If anybody from this can form a conception of what the Earl was like, he must be blessed with a very creative imagination. If anybody can imagine such a man to have ever really existed, he must be remarkably credulous.

His successful rival is a young Australian farmer, in whose family the heroine had once been governess. He is "stalwart, and thoughtful and honest." If we remember rightly, she taught him to read and she taught him to write, and she taught him his Euclid. He has a great taste for mathematics, and if he had been brought up in England would, we are told, have become a senior wrangler. As examinations, however, are not always to be depended upon, and a great many embryo senior wranglers go up to Cambridge every October term, we may perhaps be pardoned for accepting this statement with diffidence. From the manner in which he generally conducts himself, one inclines to the opinion that much stress had better not be laid upon his intellectual capacities. Still, as men proverbially appear to disadvantage when in love, and he is in love from the beginning of the novel to the end, it may be no violation of the laws of nature to describe him in words as a man of great attainments, and to exhibit him in action as a simpleton. The heroine half refuses him when she leaves his family in Australia to rejoin her aristocratic relatives. She writes, definitely refusing him, at the instigation of the Earl of Darlington, who is making love to her, but whom in her innocence she regards as a kind of adopted parent. Several months afterwards, when the Earl makes his intentions clear, she definitely refuses him also, and the possible senior wrangler arrives from the other side of the world at the nick of time, and she accepts him at his first interview. All of which is beautifully probable and extremely interesting, but when this is the sum of the information obtained by a patient perusal of three long volumes, most readers will probably be of opinion that they have received rather short measure for their pains.

With regard to the heroine, from the first moment of her appearance we become unpleasantly aware that we are in the presence of an old acquaintance, whom we have met over and over again in a hundred novels under the thin disguise of innumerable aliases, but for whom we have never yet been able to get up the enthusiasm which her many good qualities ought properly to excite in us. The perfect young lady, endowed with a rare and ethereal beauty, with a delicacy of mind to correspond, who never loses her temper, is never in the wrong in the smallest matter, who can play and sing like a professional, and whose intellectual acquirements could bid defiance to the cross-examination of a Government Inspector of Schools, is a creation the original proprietor of which may some day be unearthed by an enterprising antiquary. If by any means she could be rendered loveable, a skilful artist who succeeded in making her so would deserve the thanks of society for having overcome almost insuperable difficulties, and shown young ladies how greatly it would be to their advantage if they were to endeavour to emulate her many perfections at a safe distance. Too often one fears the opposite must be the result. In nine cases out of ten she is a standing example of how very disagreeable and oppressive a good person may be, and, as long as fiction has any effect in moulding the character, this must suggest injurious doubts in the youthful mind as to whether goodness and oppressiveness are not inseparable qualities. It would be well for the great class of goody novelists occasionally to remember that writers who succeed in making virtue odious would, if their works were a little more readable, do nearly as much harm as those whose business it is to make vice attractive.

It is not given to one novelist out of ten to invent new personages for their stories, and the writer of the *Author's Daughter* seems certainly to have little power in this direction. The composition of the present novel, however, proves her to be possessed of considerable industry. If ever she wishes to write a readable novel, we would strongly recommend her to give half the time that she has spent on this one in talking about her puppets to the invention of a tolerably exciting plot. When you are trying to palm off as a new creation a doll which has been before the public for any number of years, the more advisable plan would surely be to say as little about it, and to make it dance in as lively a manner, as possible; for the only chance of its escaping detection must consist in the rapidity with which it executes its evolutions. Instead of this, in the present novel, one after another as they come in, they stand stock still, so to speak, or move leisurely

about in the very centre of the stage; and the show-woman, far from making any attempt to divert our attention from them, descants prosaically concerning the reasons which induce this one to follow that, and that one to move slowly out of the way of this. Each is kept so long face to face with us that it becomes impossible for it to avoid recognition, and, to render the discovery still more certain, the running commentary supplies the missing evidence. In a story of still life, if the characters are genuinely human, the multiplication of circumstance around them is often the most effective artifice by which they can be presented to the reader. If they are merely borrowed nonentities, a more perilous plan can hardly be adopted.

THE ARGENTINE TYRANTS.*

THE Chilean Andes run parallel to the coast of South America at a short distance from the Pacific. Between that range of mountains and the Atlantic lies a country formerly known as the United Provinces of the River Plate, but now called the Argentine Republic. On the south of this country lies Patagonia; on the north lie Paraguay and Bolivia. Its own vast extent is an evil from which this Republic suffers. The desert encompasses it on every side and penetrates its very heart. Wastes containing no human dwelling are the boundaries between its provinces. Immensity is the characteristic of the country. The plains, the woods, the rivers, are all immense. The horizon is always undefined. On the south and on the north are savages ever ready to fall on the flocks, on the caravan of waggons, or on the settlements. The constant insecurity of life outside the towns stamps upon the Argentine character a certain stoical resignation to death by violence, which is regarded as one of the inevitable probabilities of existence. The people inflict death or submit to it with indifference, and murder or massacre makes no deep or lasting impression upon the survivors. The vast central plains called Pampas are "the image of the sea upon the land." The gauchos who dwell upon these plains are irreclaimable barbarians. They scorn to profit by the system of navigable rivers, which come together in the east from all points of the horizon to form by their confluence the Plata. The sons of the Spanish adventurers who colonized the country hate to travel by water, feeling themselves imprisoned within the narrow limits of a boat or pinnace. When their path is crossed by a great river they plunge into it with their horses, and swim from isle to isle, until they reach the other side. "The instinct of the sailor, which the Saxon colonists of the north possess in so high a degree, was not bestowed upon the Spaniard." Thus writes the author, and we transcribe it; remarking however that the people whose ships discovered America, and first circumnavigated the world, could scarcely have been without this instinct. But whatever be the origin of the feeling, the gauchos regard their noble rivers simply as obstructions. If, however, they should betake themselves to industry and trade, the river Plata must be the outlet of their productions, and the city of Buenos Ayres, which stands upon that river, must necessarily be the capital of a republic "one and indivisible" formed by the provinces through which it flows. After innumerable bloody contests, the history of the country has shaped itself in conformity with the teaching of nature as here interpreted. The Argentine Republic now exists, and on Monday next the author of this book, Domingo Faustino Sarmiento, will become its President. The inhabitants of this country are a mixed race, compounded of Indian and Spanish blood. In some districts the people speak pure Spanish; in others a dialect which shows their Indian descent. The two races were almost equally averse to labour, and the idleness of their descendants is viewed by "The Schoolmaster"—as this author is called by his compatriots—with shame and sorrow. It is to be hoped that the new President will not adopt any system of government which might be suggested by his familiar name. He has resided many years in North America, and appears to think that the school-system of the United States would be the salvation of his own country. But how will it be possible to inspire the gaucho with a love of "progress," or to persuade him to allow his children to go to school? Hitherto they have been taught nothing except to ride and throw the lasso. Civilization has never spread beyond the towns, and the wearer of a frock-coat would suffer insults and perhaps blows from the people of the plains. The gaucho looks with pitying scorn upon the sedentary dweller in the city, who may have read many books, but who cannot overthrow and kill a bull, or catch and break a horse, or meet a tiger alone and thrust a rolled poncho into his mouth while stabbing him with a dagger. "The European is in his eyes the most contemptible of all men, for a horse gets the better of him in a couple of plunges." Country life has developed all the physical, but none of the intellectual, powers of the gaucho. Without instruction, and indeed without need of any, without means of support as without wants, he is happy in the midst of his privations, which are not felt by one who never knew or wished for greater pleasures than are his already. The gaucho resembles in looks, habits, and modes of thought the Arabs who once ruled in Andalusia, and now wander in Northern Africa, and perhaps Arab blood is

mingled with Spanish and Indian in his veins. The author represents in his own person the family of Albarracines, whose name is of undoubted Moorish origin, and when he travelled in Algeria he met Arabs whom he could have sworn he had seen in his own country.

The war which for so many years desolated the provinces of La Plata was first a war of the colonists against Spain, and afterwards a war of the rural colonists against the cities. The educated and refined dwellers in towns called to their aid the barbarous wanderers of the plains, who delivered the townspeople from the rule of Spain, and brought them under the tyranny of their own savage leaders. We must remember that this author wrote in bitter hostility to the Government which had driven him into exile, and his book was originally published more than twenty years ago; but, making allowance for heightened colour, the picture which he draws of the results of liberation in La Plata is truly miserable. We have read of tyrants who tortured or slew men and women in wanton abuse of uncontrolled power; but we thought perhaps, as we read, that the European races of mankind were no more likely to fall under such tyrants than to restore the worship of Jupiter or Apollo. If we look at this author's sketch of the life of Facundo Quiroga, we shall find a close imitation of the atrocities which were perpetrated by the most barbarous and bloodthirsty of the Roman emperors. This man Quiroga had all the good and bad qualities of the gaucho nature in perfection. His strength, activity, hardihood, and self-reliance were united with a fierce hatred of law and order, a passionate love of gambling, and a brutal insensibility to suffering caused to animals or mankind. The gaucho in ordinary life slays so many cattle that he can easily bring himself to shed human blood without remorse. Quiroga always hated respectability, and when he became powerful, if he caught a respectable man, he either flogged or hanged him. A popular story accuses him of using violence to his aged father. At any rate he quarrelled with his father, abandoned his home, went to work as a common labourer at building mud walls, and after a year's toil received his wages, staked the whole amount on a single card, and lost it. He had used the knife in many quarrels. Attempts to give him education were frustrated by his unruly temper, which caused him to strike his schoolmaster. When he grew up he stabbed a magistrate. He enlisted in the Army of Independence, and might have gained honour in service against the Spaniards if his impatient spirit could have brooked the restraints of discipline. But he soon deserted. He was afterwards in prison at San Luis with some Spaniards who attempted to escape. He resisted them like a patriot, and killed fourteen of them with a bar of iron. Thus Quiroga became famous. He had great natural ability, and his courage and energy made the rude horsemen whom he led formidable even to disciplined troops. He always acted on the belief that his lancers could ride down anything they met, and it is certain that they dreaded him who rode behind much more than any enemy in front. He was too ignorant or too careless to enter into political intrigues; but the more crafty tyrant Rosas feared his influence, and is supposed to have contrived his murder. We almost forget Quiroga's cruel outrages to men and women in admiration of the boldness with which he drove along the road where he knew that a party of soldiers waited to take his life. He had with him a miserable secretary, who feared the assassins much, but feared Quiroga more. But let us return to the slaughter of the Spaniards, which made for Quiroga an opening to public life. His name became great among the gauchos, and when factions distracted the city called La Rioja, he was invited to bring aid from the country to one of the contending parties. Thus Quiroga became powerful in La Rioja, and as a matter of course he exterminated respectability; so that, as the author pathetically writes, there was no man left in La Rioja that wore a dress-coat. In the history of each of the principal cities of the Argentine Republic there came a moment when a man of audacity was made "country commandant," either because he was already dreaded, or because external aid was needed. Thus "the pastoral and barbaric element" was brought into La Rioja with Quiroga. This city, La Rioja, is the capital of a province of the same name which lies on the western side of the Republic, and is intersected by spurs of the Andes. Quiroga was born in a hilly pastoral district of this province, called improperly the Llanos, where his father was respected and beloved. There were in the city of La Rioja two leading families, the Ocampos and Dávalos, who exhibited in their contentions a close parallel to Italian history. The Ocampos, who came into power in 1820, gave to Quiroga "the title of Sergeant-Major of the Militia of the Llanos, with the influence and authority of commandant." Soon afterwards he obtained the help of one hundred soldiers of the War of Independence, who had served against the Spaniards in Chili, and had mutinied and returned homewards across the Andes. This help was offered to Quiroga by a noted leader of the War of Independence, Francisco Aldao, as the price of help to himself in future enterprises. "Quiroga eagerly assented, set out for the city, took it, captured the officers of the Government, sent them confessors, and orders to prepare themselves for death." At the intercession of his confederates he spared their lives. Thus Quiroga became what readers of ancient history would call the Tyrant of his native province. It is no figure of speech to say that whatever civilization or refinement existed in the city of La Rioja was trampled under the feet of horses. If that city had been adorned with statues, his followers would have tied horses to them. The hundred soldiers who had been lent to Quiroga by Aldao were commanded by Sergeant Araya, a

* *Life in the Argentine Republic in the Days of the Tyrants; or, Civilization and Barbarism.* From the Spanish of Domingo F. Sarmiento, LL.D., Minister Plenipotentiary from the Argentine Republic to the United States. With a Biographical Sketch of the Author. By Mrs. Horace Mann. London: Sampson Low, Son, & Marston. 1863.

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famous veteran of the War of Independence. This brave soldier, showing a disposition to oppose Quiroga, was by his contrivance assassinated. The Dávilas gathered forces and fought a battle with Quiroga, which they lost. "Here ends the history of La Rioja. What follows is the history of Quiroga." It was in the year 1823 that Quiroga became master of this city, and almost literally wiped it out from the face of earth. "That day of evil omen corresponds to April of 1835 in the history of Buenos Ayres, when its country commandant, its desert hero, made himself master of the city." The person here intended is of course Rosas.

The soldiers of Cortez gambled away the gold for which they had so hardly fought. The same passion prevails in every people of Spanish blood. Quiroga had been from his youth upwards a gambler, and indeed he had all violent impulses in excess except that he was no drunkard. Before he became great he loved combats with the knife, which are a species of gambling in which the stake is blood. When he was master of La Rioja, all the money that that miserable city possessed was won and lost at the gambling-table where Quiroga sat. He did not cheat at play, for, to do him justice, he had no taste or talent for hole-and-corner wickedness; but he would play for forty hours at a sitting, and his fellow-gamblers did not dare to rise until Quiroga had had enough, which probably would not be until the luck turned in his favour. Once he had lost four thousand dollars to a young man who, thinking his life unsafe if he left off a winner, pressed Quiroga to go on playing. Quiroga complied; won back the four thousand dollars, and then ordered the young man to receive two hundred lashes for his uncivil pertinacity. Offences, real or imaginary, were punished, if slight, with the whip; if grave, with death. Such was the whole system of Quiroga's government. He was by no means uniformly successful in the field of battle, for his belief that his lancers could ride down anything was more than once rudely shaken when he led them against disciplined troops. He was defeated by General Paz, a scientific officer who could scarcely sit on horseback, and who was afterwards actually captured by some gauchos with a lasso, and carried off from the head of his own army. Quiroga afterwards went and lived at Buenos Ayres, wearing his poncho and beard to show his contempt for civilization; for beards were then reckoned barbarous. There is something of grandeur in the conduct of this man, who as if in scorn of the people he had oppressed exchanged the tyranny of La Rioja for simple citizenship at Buenos Ayres, and trusted to his own strong arm alone for defence against all the enemies whom his lust, rapine, and cruelty had provoked. Some of his countrymen began to look to him as a counterpoise to the growing power of Rosas. But, although he contrived the murder of Sergeant Araya to raise himself to power, he had in after-life too much haughty self-reliance to resort to such means for keeping it. Thus Rosas played as it were with loaded dice, and could not fail to win the game. Certain difficulties having arisen in the northern provinces of the Republic, Quiroga was requested to arrange them. For this purpose he undertook the journey on which he met his death. It was known in the towns through which he passed that a party of soldiers would waylay him; but he only answered to remonstrances, "The man is not born who will kill Quiroga." When he reached the spot where the ambush lay, and fire was opened on the carriage, he put his head out of the window and asked, "What is all this?" The answer was a fatal bullet. Quiroga died in 1835, and, cruelly as he had devastated La Rioja, he seems, by comparison with other tyrants, to have been almost regretted. It was said, not long ago, that the dagger of Virginia was an anachronism, and the motto *Sic semper tyrannis* was to be understood in a merely figurative sense. Happily, this is true of those parts of North America which were originally colonized by men of English race. But wherever the Spanish and native Indian bloods have mingled, the prevailing conception of government has been despotism tempered by assassination. Let us hope that the "Schoolmaster" may instruct his countrymen in milder methods.

OLD ENGLISH HOMILIES.*

THE very careful Grammatical Introduction which Mr. Morris here gives to the Homilies which he now edits shows that there is some hope that the history of the English language will some day be understood. It is plain that scientific students of language have driven a very considerable hole, almost a practicable breach, into the dense mass of the old unscientific nomenclature. Mr. Morris has made considerable advances towards realizing that the English language is the English language. We never exactly knew who the Semi-Saxons were, or when or where they lived, but we fancy their speech to have been something like that of the "Old English Homilies" before us. But we rejoice to find that Mr. Morris has given up the Semi-Saxons altogether; we do not find a word about them in his Introduction or Notes. And we would fain hope that this forsaking of the enemy and his works is not made by Mr. Morris in his own name only, but that we may look on him as acting as sponsor for the whole series, and for his fellow-workers therein. It is a comfort to find that Mr. Morris, more than once in his Introduction, implies that the language spoken in England in the twelfth century, and in the old

time before the twelfth century, was the English language. He implies that the great change which gradually lost us most of our inflexions was a stage in the history of that language, not a change from one language to another. We indeed begin, in his pages, to hear the sounds of some formulae which we never before heard, "Saxon English" and "the Saxon period of English." Mr. Morris must not be angry if we say that these formulae are very absurd; they are very absurd, and yet we are more pleased with them than displeased. We can see no reason why the earliest period of English should be distinguished as its Saxon period. We see the less reason to talk about "Saxon English" chronologically, when the word "Saxon" is really needed for a geographical distinction, to express one of the three great local forms of the language. Still, to call the oldest form of our language "Saxon English" or the "Saxon period of English" is a great advance on the old talk about Saxon and Semi-Saxon. It is virtually to acknowledge the main dogma of the true faith, namely the uninterrupted personal identity of the English tongue. It distinctly acknowledges the earliest period of English as being English. And though it distinguishes that period by a very absurd epithet, yet the fact that Mr. Morris has got hold of the right substantive gives hopes that he will before long learn to couple it with a more appropriate adjective. In short we congratulate Mr. Morris on having got several parasangs ahead of more than one of his brethren. If his brethren are really going to move along with him, so much the better.

The language of these Homilies, or at least of the earlier ones among them, seems to follow immediately after that of the last portions of the Peterborough Chronicle. Both exhibit early stages of the change from the oldest inflexional English to the modern English with hardly any inflexions at all. This, we need hardly say, is a change which belongs to English in common with other Teutonic languages, or rather with other languages in general. But it is a change which in England was decidedly hastened by the indirect effects of the Norman Conquest. English ceased to be the literary language, the language of courtiers or of scholars; the obvious result was a departure from the ancient and elaborate grammatical forms of the language. The "provincial" or "popular" dialects always more or less neglect or confuse them. And, when a language is thrust down in the world, when, from being a courtly and learned language, it becomes a mere popular language, the "provincial" or "popular" forms of course come to the surface. Men write less correctly than they did; that is to say, they write more nearly as they speak than their fathers did, while they also speak somewhat less accurately than their fathers spoke. This process, an indirect result of the Norman Conquest, must be distinguished from the introduction of French words into the vocabulary, a process which went on alongside of it, and which was a direct result of the Conquest.

In the oldest among the Homilies before us, the vocabulary seems to be hardly touched at all; the elaborately grammatical analysis of Mr. Morris shows us with all minuteness how far the inflexional system had been touched. The stage which English has reached in these Homilies is one stage earlier than that which it reached in Lagamon's Brut, which belongs to the first half of the thirteenth century. It is a stage which retains more traces of the ancient forms, but which, for that very reason, is more chaotic and less uniform than that of Lagamon. It is a stage which belongs to a period of what Mr. Morris calls "a long elemental war." That is to say, the ancient forms and their later modifications are used side by side, while Lagamon represents a consistently later stage both in inflexions and in syntax. This is no more than is quite natural. When grammatical forms are very much unfixed, a man will speak in one way at one time and in another way at another time, just as, when spelling is unsettled, a man will spell even his own name several different ways in the same writing. The changes are all in the direction of modern English. The inflexions are simplified, and some of those syntactical changes have already begun which distinguish the earlier and later forms of our language. Thus "the future tense of verbs is frequently formed by the aid of *seal* and *will*," and "the infinitive mood occasionally takes to before it." So again the old and the new forms of the pronouns and articles are in a state of struggle. The form *pe*, which in modern English has supplanted all the elaborate genders, cases, and numbers of the old definite article, is beginning to creep in. It is beginning to supplant the singular *se* and *seo* and the plural *pa*. But the neuter *pet* or *pat* stands its ground, as indeed it does to this day with a slightly altered meaning, while the other forms have vanished altogether. So again, we find signs, either that the pronunciation was softening, or else that an already softened pronunciation was now beginning to be expressed in the spelling. The *c* in the beginnings and endings appears to be softening, *cild* into *child* and the like. So the *ge* at the beginning of words, which still remains untouched in High-Dutch, is already softening into *y*, and *g* in the middle of words, still remaining in High-Dutch as a mild guttural, is softening into *i* or *y*. We have already hinted that the evidence of Domesday, and of all attempts to express Old-English words in French and Latin, seems to show that this change had already begun, before either the inflexions or the vocabulary had at all come under foreign influences. We see signs of it ever and anon in the Chronicles, and the writers of these Homilies probably did little more than spell words of this kind according to what had long been the received way of pronouncing them. The omission of the *g* in the

* *Old English Homilies and Homiletic Treatises of the Twelfth and Thirteenth Centuries*. Edited by Richard Morris. First Series, Parts I. and II. London: published for the Early English Text Society by N. Trübner & Co. 1867-8.

middle of words was perhaps a Danish innovation. Contracting had evidently made further steps in Danish than in English, as appears by the form of proper names in the two languages. *Swegen* has sunk into *Svein*, *Sven*, *Svend*, and the like, and names like *Thorcytel*, *Ulfcytel*, which in English keep the fuller form, are in Danish cut down to *kill*. The softening of the *c*, on the other hand, is distinctively not Danish, the retention of the hard form being to this day one of the Danish characteristics. But, though the softening of the *c* was evidently established by this time, and had doubtless begun a good deal earlier, it must be remembered that it was a softening. There must have been a time when *cild* was pronounced *kild*. Pronunciation does not get harder, but softer, and moreover the softening is not universal. The hard sound is retained to this day in many words, even in the south. When the same people were called *Cantware* and *Cenings*, the *c* must have been as hard before the *e* as before the *a*, and their country accordingly remains Kent to this day. The whole class of words and names which have to do with *cyn* and *cen* are still hard; *kin*, *king*, and all their cognates and derivatives, and proper names like *Cenvalth*, *Cenward*, *Cenhelm*, which survive in *Kenward* and *Kenelm*, and in the odd Somersetshire corruption of *Cenvalth* into *Kenny Wilkins*. *Se* held out longer, and had not in the days of these Homilies sunk into *sch* or *sh*.

We are sorry that the Glossary is put off to the second volume, so that we have no discussion of the vocabulary to match Mr. Morris's elaborate discussion of the grammar. In the later among these Homilies we find Romance words coming in fast, and that in some cases where they were not wanted, to set forth ideas which could have been set forth in natural English. Still, however, they seem to come in mainly to set forth abstract ideas. Here is a passage, for instance, from "*pe Wohunge of ure Lauerd*," which belongs to a distinctly later stage of the language than that which Mr. Morris discusses in his Grammar. The piece in fact is found in the same manuscript as "*Ilali Meidenhad*" (see *Saturday Review*, September 1st, 1866) and other pieces of the thirteenth century, and there can be no doubt that it is of the same date. But it is not unlikely to promote confusion, when, after a grammatical introduction applying to the twelfth century, we find in the book specimens which, like the following, must be a hundred years later:—"*penne þu wið þi fairnesse · þu wið richesse · þu wið maht and strengþe · þu wið noblesce and hendeleic · þu wið meknesse and mildeschepe and mikel debonairte*." Here, besides several needless French words, we get, in the purely English word "*mildeschepe*," that very change of the *sc* into *sch* or *sh*, which in the Grammatical Introduction we are told has not happened. We find indeed in p. li. of the Introduction a special note "*on some Peculiarities of 'pe Wohunge of ure Lauerd'*"; but of the peculiarities which we have just mentioned no notice is taken. We at last look back to the opening of the Grammatical Introduction, and we find out that the elaborate grammar there drawn out is not meant to apply to the whole of the book. When Mr. Morris speaks of "*the language of the present Homilies*," he meant, we now see, to speak of the language of certain parts of the book only—namely, "*pp. 1-183, 216-245*." The "*Wohunge of ure Lauerd*" certainly does not come within any of those pages. But we doubt whether any one, in reading the Introduction for the first time, would notice a restriction so very darkly worded, and we certainly cannot call this an orderly way of arranging a book.

With regard to the matter of these Homilies they are, like so many other of the Society's publications, an ample protest against the vulgar notions as to the utter lack of religious knowledge in mediæval times. Things contrary to the Thirty-nine Articles might no doubt be culled from them here and there. There is a hymn or two to Our Lady, and a few more things of which Exeter Hall would not approve. But people who shaped their belief and their life according to the teaching of these Homilies would not be such very bad Christians after all. The passionate style of devotion, common to these with so many other writings of the same age and class, would probably offend the taste of a refined and educated modern Englishman. But it is after all a question of taste only, and it is a question which a vast number of devout persons of our own time, both Protestant and Roman Catholic, would decide against the taste of the refined and educated Englishman. So with the descriptions of the physical torments of hell and the like, in which our authors, like the rest of their class, freely indulge. A more philosophic inquirer would perhaps say that these descriptions savour rather of the Koran than of the Gospel, but these Homilies are preachings to the "*lewd folk*," and the most successful preachings to the "*lewd folk*" in all ages have dealt largely in this use or abuse of "*the terrors of the Lord*." One minister of torture—or perhaps not so much a minister of torture as the subject of a curious allegory—we should hardly have thought of, one which shows that the Homily of the Prophet Jeremiah must have been written a good way from the sea. Among the inhabitants of the pit we find the crab, just as Schiller, in the poem of the Diver, places the lobster among the fearful monsters of the deep. But, more than this, we get the fable of the crab and his mother applied to the purposes of our homilist:—

Thereð nuðe whulche pinges wunieð in þisse putte, þer wunieð fower cunnes wurmes inne, þet fordoð nuðe al þeos midelerd, þer wunieð in-ne fage nedden, and beoreð attar under heore tunge. Blake tadden and habbeð attar upon heore heorte, geluwe froggen, and crabben. Crabbe is an manere of fiasce in þere sea. þis fis is of swile cunde, þet euer se he mare strengðeð him to swiðmunde mid þe watere: se he mare swimmeð abac.

and þe alde crabbe seide to þe gunge, hwi ne swimmeð þu forðward in þere sea also oðer fiasces doð, and heo seide. Leofe moder swim þu foren me and tech me hu ic seal swimmen forðward and [heo] bi-gon to swimmen forðward mid þe streame, and swam hire þer agen.

This is, in vocabulary at least, fine and uncorrupted English. So it is when we find the human race divided "*na mon . . . ne wepmon ne wifmon ne meiden*" (p. 15), and in p. 175 when among various sorts of sinners we find

Med-ierne domes men, and wrongwise reuen.

What compound can beat "*med-ierne*" though its *g* has sunk into *z* or *y*—one "*yearning after made*" or bribes?

A HANDBOOK FOR RUSSIA.*

MR. MICHELL is entitled to the gratitude of all travellers in Russia for the excellent Handbook with which he has provided them. Until it first appeared three years ago, no really good guide to the country existed. The Russians did not possess one in their own language, the French and the German manuals were exceedingly meagre, and that which was anonymously edited for Mr. Murray in 1849, and on which Mr. Michell's book is founded, was almost entirely devoted to descriptions of St. Petersburg and Moscow. Of these two cities, indeed, it gave a tolerably good account, but the writer was unfortunately addicted to facetiousness, and his book was painfully disfigured by the results of his lamentable desire to be funny. With him a driver was always "*a bearded Jehu*," stout must needs figure as "*heavy wet*," people did not dance but were said to "*foot it on the light fantastic*," and when he meant to state the fact that women are ugly in Russia, he waggishly said that "*whatever favours her sons may have received at the hands of Mars, the softer sex have little cause to be grateful to Venus*." Such "*little jests*" as these formed a needless addition to the hardships which a traveller in Russia was in those days obliged to endure. Mr. Michell, we are glad to say, has not inherited his predecessor's unfortunate mania for jocularity, and his book is written throughout in a straightforward and businesslike style, which renders it a model of what a guide-book should be. His intimate acquaintance with the country, and his perfect command of its language, render him fully competent to deal with the subject, and he has evidently taken great pains with his work, and done his best to make it thoroughly trustworthy. English books about Russia are for the most part so absurdly incorrect that we are justly entitled to distrust at first sight what our countrymen say about it. It is, therefore, a relief to know that the editor of the present handbook is an authority on whom reliance may safely be placed. If any one wishes to know how far the public may be imposed upon with impunity by the compilers of guide-books, let him turn to what is usually called the "*Continental Bradshaw*." There he will find "*the most direct route*" to Moscow given as follows:—"*Via Berlin*, See No. 8, thence per Rail to Warsaw, pp. 139, 140, and 142; Dil. to Smolensko and Moscow." Diligence indeed! Just as if there had not for years been railway communication between Berlin and Moscow. But perhaps the most astounding piece of information regarding Russia is that contained in the "*Special Edition*," which tells us that "*The population of Russia is . . . divided into six great classes—nobles, clergy, citizens, peasants, serfs, and slaves*." Of course the emancipation of the serfs is too recent an event to be mentioned, not having been decreed more than some seven years ago, but it would be interesting to know what difference the editor of "*Bradshaw*" supposes ever to have existed between "*serfs and slaves*."

Mr. Michell has, in his new edition, made very considerable additions to his work, and they relate for the most part to districts which have hitherto been little visited. To his former notices of Nijni Novgorod, for instance, he has now added a very useful piece of information relative to the "*Armenian Kitchen*," where an exceedingly good and cheap dinner may be had, including the celebrated "*Shishlek*, or small pieces of mutton deliciously fried," and "*Dolma*, meat served in vine leaves"; and travelling hippophagists are made aware that "*excellent horseflesh is to be had at the Tartar Restaurant in the same neighbourhood*." A good account follows of the interesting excursion from Nijni up the Oka to the "*diminutive Sheffield*" of Pavlovo, the historic old town of Murom, in which commerce flourished as early as the tenth century; to Vyksa, where an English company employs at the Vyksounski iron-works several thousand Russian workmen, who form a community of their own, get up plays at their own little theatre, and, ignorant of strikes, live on excellent terms with their English superintendent; to Elasma, originally founded by the Mestchera tribe, from which probably spring the countless Princes Mestchersky of the present day, some of whom, in spite of their princeliness, are now, it is said, driving cabs and occupying menial positions; and as far as Kasimof, remarkable as having been "*the seat of a small Tartar kingdom which existed until 1667*," and as being the native place of most of the waiters in the hotels at St. Petersburg and Moscow.

The description of the route from St. Petersburg to Odessa has been for the most part rewritten, and Mr. Michell has given in it good notices of Polotsk, so often fought for by the Pskovites, the Livonian Knights, and the Lithuanians, and at a later period by the Poles and the Russians; of Witebsk, the town which was so often burnt down by the Russians in older days, and in

* *Handbook for Travellers in Russia, Poland, and Finland*. Second Revised Edition, with Map and Plans. London: John Murray. 1868.

which Napoleon halted for a fortnight on his way to Moscow; and of Smolensk, the scene of so many calamities. In 1231 no fewer than 32,000 inhabitants of that unfortunate place died of the plague. It was so ruined by its siege in 1404 that "a most dreadful famine ensued, during which the inhabitants were reduced to the condition of cannibals," and "dogs were seen in the streets feeding off human bones"; in its siege by the Poles, who took it by assault on the 3rd of July, 1611, after it had held out for twenty months, it again lost a great part of its population, and near it are still to be seen the mounds which cover the remains of the French who died there in the winter of 1812, when the streets were encumbered with the dead, and "the bodies were burned, piled in heaps half a verst in length and two fathoms high, and when the supply of wood failed they were buried in trenches and covered with quicklime." Of Kiev, one of the most interesting towns in Russia, a full description was given in the former edition of Mr. Michell's book, and also of Odessa, the prosperity of which last town was founded by that Duke de Richelieu who governed it for eleven years, enjoying every conceivable opportunity for making his fortune, but who "is said to have left Odessa with a small portmanteau containing his uniform and two shirts, the greater part of his income having been disbursed in relieving the distresses of immigrants, who generally arrived in a great state of destitution." Of another philanthropist, our own Howard, a relic is still carefully preserved at Odessa in the shape of "a japanned flat candlestick." On looking a second time at this description of Odessa we cannot help suspecting that it is somewhat antiquated, for there is little in it that was not written twenty years ago, with the exception of the anecdote about the eccentric Count Razumofski, "who, having quarrelled with his next of kin, purposely squandered his fortune in excavating vast subterranean galleries on his estate."

The account of the route from Moscow to Odessa has also been greatly enlarged, especially as regards the notices of Tula, the Russian Birmingham, with its great manufactories of all sorts of guns, "the total number of establishments where iron or other metal is worked being about 200," and the vast coal-measures and iron-mines in its vicinity; of Orel, famous for its conflagrations, in the last of which, ten years ago, more than 600 houses were destroyed, and for its trade in wheat, hemp, and tallow, as many as 10,000 carts entering the town daily, after the gathering of the harvest; of Kursk, chiefly remarkable for its possession of the holy picture styled "Of the Apparition of the Blessed Virgin," which tradition relates to have been found near the neighbouring town of Rylsk, in September, 1295, resting on the roots of a tree in a wood on the banks of the Tuskor. We have also notices of Kharkoff, the capital of the Ukraine, so long the centre of Cossack disputes, but now a famous seat of learning, with a University, founded in 1805, and attended by 600 students, and "one of the principal centres of trade in Russia," with so important a fair that "in 1863, goods to the amount of two and a-half or three millions sterling were brought to that fair, the textile fabrics alone representing a value of about a million sterling"; of Poltava, famous for the defeat of Charles XII., for its leeches, "which are despatched across the whole length of the Continent for exportation," and for its fair, to which more than 20,000 carts bring wool and other goods, of which the average value is estimated at about three and a-half millions sterling; and of Kremenchuk, Elizavetgrad, and Olviopol, all places of great commercial importance, but with the details of which the English reader is probably not intimately acquainted.

Another new chapter in the book is that devoted to the route from Moscow through the old city of Riazan, and the modern town of Kozlof—that great emporium of grain—and branching off to Morshansk with its 13 melting-houses, which in 1861 produced 3,300 cwt. of tallow, and to Eletsk, with its 152 flour-mills, and going as far as Voronej, that interesting old town, so picturesquely situated on the steep ridge above the Don, which in 1699 had a fleet of 66 vessels, armed with 2,546 cannon, and carrying 16,814 troops, and in which Koltsof, one of Russia's best lyric poets, spent his short and sad life. In the description of the route from "Odessa to the Crimea, overland," there is much that is interesting; as, for instance, the description of the monument to Howard, "a simple pyramid, with poplars around it, and enclosed by a high circular wall with an iron gate in front." The monument is out of repair now, and "the first letter of the philanthropist's name has been obliterated by some mischievous person. His virtues, like his name, have nearly faded away from the remembrance of the inhabitants; for the yamstchik [driver], if asked to whom the monument has been raised, will in most cases answer 'To Povar, a builder of towns.'" In describing this part of the country Mr. Michell has drawn considerably on Mr. H. D. Seymour's *Russia on the Shores of the Black Sea*, and from that and some other sources he has compiled an excellent account of the routes through the Crimea. Altogether his book is one which will be of real service to all travellers in Russia, the number of whom is likely to be greatly increased when the numerous railways now in progress have been completed, and when it becomes possible to go in comfort from St. Petersburg to Sevastopol without a break.

One thing only is wanted to make Mr. Michell's work all that a guide-book should be, but that is a very important desideratum—we mean a good supply of maps and plans. At present it is scanty in the extreme. All that the book can boast of in that way is an excessively meagre, and even incorrect, map of Russia, being a mere key-map to the various routes; and two plans, one

of St. Petersburg and the other of Moscow. The latter of these plans is absolutely discreditable to a book in other respects so well got up; the former is tolerably good, being a great improvement on the miserable puzzle which figured in the first edition, and which must have driven many impatient tourists to the verge of insanity. But what the book ought to offer is an accurate map of the country on a large scale, as well as the small key to the routes, thoroughly good plans of St. Petersburg and Moscow, and at least some indications of the topography of the principal towns. The French guide-book, by M. Bastin, published last year at St. Petersburg, the greater part of which is literally translated from Mr. Michell's pages, contains an excellent map and two admirable plans; and the little *Railway Guide—Hlin's*, not *Frum's*—which may be bought in St. Petersburg for a shilling, is provided with plans of no less than fifteen cities. There cannot, therefore, be any reasonable excuse, on the ground of expense, for not making the work as complete as it should be. Mr. Michell has done his share of the book so well that he fully deserves to meet with zealous co-operation on the part of its publisher.

A BOOK ABOUT BOYS.

WE must plead guilty to not having taken up this *Book about Boys* in that temper of absolute impartiality or indifference which is commonly held to be the first requirement in a critic. On the contrary, we had a decided prejudice in favour both of the subject and the author. Mr. Hope's former volume showed so keen and genuine an interest in what seems strangely enough to be voted by most people an uninteresting subject, and such singular capabilities for communicating that interest to his readers, that it was only natural to wish to hear whatever further he might have to tell us about it. Moreover, it was clear enough from the *Book about Dominies* that the author had, as he expressly avows in the preface to his present work, "formed an unusual estimate of the nature and value of boys," and had no hesitation in giving very positive expression to it. Now we must confess to a certain weakness for writers who have the honesty to adopt strong convictions of an unpopular kind, so long of course as they have good grounds for adopting them, and the courage to say plainly what they think. And it so happens that we have long been of our author's way of thinking, that the *genus* boy is a very ill-used and neglected one, both in popular estimation and popular literature. The prevalent notion about them appears to be very like what a pious Evangelical spinster is said to have entertained of the Church service. It was, she informed her rector, one of those things that must be put up with, as a tiresome but inevitable preface to the sermon. In just the same way many people seem to think that boys are at best an endurable nuisance, inasmuch as the world cannot get on without men, and the adult male can unluckily only be produced after passing through that chrysalis stage of existence called boyhood, during which he is a standing torment to himself and every one who comes near him. As for popular writers, if they condescend to notice the existence of such insignificant animals at all, it is either to thrust them into a corner, or occasionally to set up some grotesque ideal of immaculate virtue or execrable vice for the admiration or hatred of those who know as little of what they are talking about as themselves. Our author has, indeed, justly excepted from this blame the greatest of living novelists. If "George Eliot" had written nothing but the first volume of the *Mill on the Floss*, that unrivalled description of children as they are, and not as they might be or ought to be, would have been a permanent contribution to English literature. Mr. Hope might have added, that a gifted modern poet has done no less justice to the claims of this much enduring class of outlaws from all literary sympathy in the famous apostrophe which Keble made the text of his *Lyra Innocentium* :—

O dearest, dearest Boy, my heart
For better lore would seldom yearn,
Could I but teach the hundredth part
Of what from thee I learn.

Of late it must be admitted that there has been a turn in the tide, and a whole literature about boys, of a much healthier kind, has grown up, of which *Tom Brown* and *Schoolboy Honour* may be cited as examples. But much still remains to be done. And we cannot doubt that Mr. Hope has appreciated quite correctly the kind of reception which that charming paragon of moral and intellectual excellence, "the girl of the period," will give to a book like his. "Boys are such stupid and noisy creatures! A book about them must be very slow. Could not we send it back to the library, and get the first volume of *The Benighted Bigamist*?"

Mr. Hope, as we observed just now, has formed some very decided opinions, and is emphatic in his way of stating them. It is only right to add, that they have not been formed haphazard, but are the result of a lifelong experience. Even without his distinct assurance that he has been the companion of boys all his life, the fact would have been patent, from internal evidence, to all who know anything about them. And it may perhaps conciliate some indulgence for the startling avowal which follows, that he has always looked upon them, "not as receptacles for Latin grammar and copy-book precepts, but as young and blessed human beings, with minds to be matured, hearts to be won, and souls to be saved." This view is no doubt extravagant and unfashionable enough;

* *A Book about Boys*, By A. R. Hope, Author of "*A Book about Dominies*." Edinburgh: W. P. Nimmo. 1868.

indeed, we are not sure that it has any recommendation to speak of except one, which is perhaps hardly worth mentioning—that it happens to be true. Nor is this the worst. Not content with professing his inexplicable affection for the *genus* boy, the author actually proceeds to exclude from the category just those boys who are usually regarded as the redeeming specimens, or at least the most inoffensive members, of the class. He likes “a thoroughly *boyish* boy,” active, brave, generous, pure-minded, simple and truthful, and does not like “a young gentleman.” In fact he will have nothing to say to young gentlemen, “mamma’s darlings,” or—*horrible dictu*—to “preternaturally clever boys” who have read Scott’s novels at the age of five, or “very good boys” who never do anything wrong. After this barefaced confession of a preference for the ill-conditioned youth who “climbs trees, tears his trousers, and comes home splashed with mud,” one is prepared for almost anything. In his protest against the muscular Christianity *furor*, which has gone far of late to turn cricket into the one business of life at some of our public schools, Mr. Hope will indeed find many sympathizers among those who were themselves in other days the foremost heroes of the cricket-field. But what will be thought of his deliberately defending those twin bugbears of modern “educational” sentimentalists, flogging and fighting? There are not even wanting indications, both in this and his earlier volume, that he is ready to defend that third abomination of the public school régime, fagging. We may as well make a clean breast of it, and say at once that we also are implicated in these unfashionable heresies. That a moderate amount of judicious birching is far more effective and wholesome than “a chronic and constant state of humanitarian punishment,” and is greatly preferred by the boys themselves, has always been our firm conviction, notwithstanding the grandiloquent nonsense so freely talked about the “disgrace” they feel, or ought to feel, in the process, but which, as a fact, they certainly don’t feel. It is a bolder defiance of all the conventional respectabilities to defend fighting as a permissible amusement, and the best method of settling schoolboy quarrels. More mischievous twaddle is talked on this point, and by those who should know better, than even about flogging and fagging. We know of a case where two boys at a private school who were caught fighting were not only severely caned—there was, of course, no flogging at that immaculate institution—but lectured for weeks afterwards on their wickedness in forgetting what they were taught in the Catechism about bearing no malice or hatred in their hearts. The only person really to blame in the matter was the master, who was doing his best to perpetrate one of the gravest faults that can be committed in training boys—which is not only a fault but a blunder—by giving them a false conscience, and creating fancy sins. As it happened, the two boys were the best friends in the school, and there was no malice or hatred at all. There very seldom is. Schoolboy fights, as the author truly observes, are usually either a rough kind of amusement, or, if there is any ill blood, are the shortest and least bitter way of getting rid of it. Boys are always ready to shake hands when it is over. The Eton boy who was cross-examined the other day by one of the Royal Commissioners—himself an old Etonian—as to why fighting had gone out at Eton lately, and answered that “he supposed it was because fellows finked each other,” was paying a very doubtful compliment to his school.

This seems the natural place to say something of what the author considers the two leading faults of boyhood, and especially of their alleged want of sensibility for the feelings of others. One general remark applies to the whole subject. The faults of boys, like their virtues, lie on the surface, because there is no conventionality about them. They are a stiff-necked generation who know not Mrs. Grundy, or know only to despise her. What is here said of their friendships is equally true of all their feelings; they are “eminently honest.” We are not going to fall into Lord Palmerston’s heresy, and say that they are all “born good”; but that there is much more of good than of evil in their natural instincts; and that the evil, in nine cases out of ten, is mainly due to mismanagement on the part of parents or masters, is simply the verdict of experience. Few men who are not either very priggish or very stupid could mix much in the society of boys without feeling, though they might not choose to admit it even to their own minds, that their companions were in many respects better than themselves. As Mr. Hope puts it, “a boy has not so much knowledge of goodness as a man, but he has more faith in it.” And that faith can always be elicited and strengthened through his affections. “Give me a boy’s love or a boy’s hatred, which are both open and sincere.” The popular notion that they have “no sentiment and no love except for mischief and ginger-beer” is one of the stupidest of popular delusions. But we will let the author speak on this crucial point for himself:—

A true, kindly boy will do anything for his friend, and this is one of the points in which boys are better than men. A friendship between men is generally cool, discreet, calculating; a boy’s love is warm, enthusiastic, regardless of consequences. How many men are there who would risk blame, disgrace, misfortune, to save a friend? How many boys are there who do so daily! For if a boy suffer a cruel punishment, or give up a master’s good opinion rather than betray a friend, do you think, my elderly reader, that the pain to him is less than yours when you have to draw on your cheque-book, or are seen walking down Piccadilly with a disreputable character? Would you dare to answer your despot, the man who has power of dungeon and torture over you, the editor of the paper for which you write, the master of the school in which you are a penniless usher, the great Lord Scatterbrains whose steward or attorney or flunkey you are, as one of my boys answered me the other day? He is one of the pleasantest, most gentlemanly

boys I ever had to do with, and I never heard a rude word from him but on this occasion. I was examining him as a witness at a judicial inquiry, and without thinking, I asked him a question by answering which he could not help betraying a friend. I shall never forget his reply, which was so prompt that he had not time to put it into more reverent words—“I shan’t tell you, sir.” Some dominies would have flogged him there and then for this blunt speech. I didn’t. But I begged his pardon for having asked him the question.

To return to the charge of insensibility to the feelings of others. There is, of course, some foundation for it. Children of either sex—and girls certainly not less than boys—are often cruel from sheer thoughtlessness. They do not understand the pain they are inflicting. Girls do not, indeed, fight with their fists, but they fight far more viciously with their tongues. Unless from long illness or other peculiar circumstances, boys are seldom very thoughtful, and habitual kindness implies a good deal of thoughtfulness. But cruel, in the malicious sense that men and women are often cruel, they very seldom are. And those who know most of them will be the first to recognise “how much unsuspected courtesy is hid beneath the roughness of their manners.” On the other hand, boys are fond of enduring as well as inflicting pain, and a good deal of the brutality charged upon them springs from this. They are only doing as they are quite willing to be done by. Of course there are exceptions. Few schools do not contain some thoroughly depraved boys; and there is no case to which the proverb *corruptio optimi pessima* is more strictly applicable. The second charge, of a “want of reverence for truth,” may be more briefly disposed of. So far as it merely refers to the enjoyment of “successful hoaxes,” there is not much to be said, except that such a taste requires to be kept under control. The notion that systematic deception of masters is justifiable, if not positively meritorious, or, as the hero of *Tom Brown* puts it, that “it’s a fair trial of skill between natural enemies,” is quite another thing. And the supplemental theory that equivocation or acted lies are not lying only makes matters worse. But here too boys are more sinned against than sinning, and with a reformed system the evil is dying out. Dr. Arnold was not the first, and will not be the last, to discover that they show themselves trustworthy in proportion as they are trusted. Public opinion is no doubt as powerful in the little world of school as in the broader world of life. But it is much easier to enlist it on the right side, and the blame is not mainly with the boys if a false code of honour is allowed to take root among them. “Boys appreciate being ruled like reasonable beings,” and those who are fit to rule them at all will not find it a difficult or unpleasant task.

This brings us to say a word in conclusion about masters, or, as the author prefers to call them, “dominies.” If he seems sometimes to speak lightly, it is evidently from no want of realizing the seriousness of the subject. The office of a “dominie,” whether clergyman or layman, is in truth as sacred, though in a different way, as the office of a priest. Even Juvenal had the sense to perceive this. It requires, above all things, earnestness, force of character, knowledge of human nature, especially of boy nature, and hearty geniality; it is the very last employment to become, as at private schools it often does, the *passer* of “a ragged regiment of broken-down tradesmen, briefless barristers, and persons out of work.” Boys soon distinguish those who really like and understand them, and by them alone can they be profitably ruled. We have no idea what Mr. Hope’s theological opinions may be, nor would it the least affect our estimate of his book if we had. But it is, perhaps, unfortunate that he so often goes out of his way to intimate his contempt for all the orthodox shibboleths, High Church or Low Church, because he may foster a prejudice against himself and his views in some quarters where it would be worth while to conciliate attention. If, however, he denounces religious “cant,” of whatever kind, without mercy, he is no less vigorous in exposing the still shallower cant which consists in rejecting, under that name, all earnest religious convictions. No one need be afraid of finding him a dry and didactic writer, but his volume is full of knowledge both useful and entertaining in the truest sense of the words. And it is impossible to put it down without a feeling of personal kindness towards the writer. If our readers think we have praised too much and criticized too little, we can only say there is something about the book which disarms one’s critical faculty, and appeal to them to judge for themselves. We should like to see it in the hands of every parent and schoolmaster in England. But to avoid the risk of damaging the author’s Christian humility by too much commendation, we will end by prescribing him a penance. It is that he shall take an early opportunity of giving his readers some further results of his exceptional acquaintance with his subject—if he likes, in the shape of a three-volume novel, but with the arson and bigamies omitted, and as unlike as possible to that dreariest and most senseless of all blundering parodies of school life, Mrs. Henry Wood’s *Orville College Boys*.

SWEETING’S PARISH CHURCHES NEAR PETERBOROUGH.*

THE possible value of all honest and original archaeological research is so great that we have always given a cordial welcome to books like that which now lies before us. A country clergyman can scarcely find a better employment for his hours of leisure than in investigating and recording the antiquities of

* *Historical and Architectural Notes on the Parish Churches in and around Peterborough.* By the Rev. W. D. Sweeting, M.A. London: Whittaker & Co. 1868.

his neighbourhood. Mr. Sweeting, who is a master in the King's School at Peterborough (as we gather from his preface), is particularly fortunate in the district which he has undertaken to illustrate. In the first place, that part of England abounds in remarkably fine churches, full of interest to the architectural student. Next, he has had the advantage of free access to the notes of Mr. F. A. Paley, of Cambridge, who is well-known to be nearly as much distinguished for his practical knowledge of "ecclesiology" as for his Greek scholarship. Lastly, as the county of Huntingdon possesses no proper history, the author's researches into the manorial and ecclesiastical antiquities of such parishes as happen to be within that shire have the merit of novelty. On the whole, Mr. Sweeting has performed his task very well. The churches and parishes which he has described are not chosen on any principle, except that they are conveniently accessible from Peterborough. It might have been better had the writer delayed publication until he had completed his examination of the several rural deaneries which surround the cathedral city. But we must be thankful, we suppose, for what we have got. The author's notes are arranged systematically. First, he gives us a description of the parish, and an etymological disquisition on its name. Then comes the documentary history of the church, in which we observe, with satisfaction, a very discriminating and judicious use of the ancient wills that are preserved of any inhabitants or possessors of manors within the parish. This source of original information has been hitherto but sparingly used by antiquaries. But it is one which will for the most part more than repay any labour expended in the search. Next in order, Mr. Sweeting gives a description of the parish registers, with extracts of any entries that are curious or illustrative of manners and customs, or of local or general history. The churchwardens' accounts, where any exist, are also duly examined with the same object. Next, we have a list of the incumbents of each benefice; and lastly, a full description of the church and the churchyard, with the sepulchral monuments in each. Each church is illustrated by a photographic view of the exterior. These photographs are, without exception, beautiful specimens of the art. They are taken by Mr. Ball of Peterborough. We need not say that a good photographic picture of a church, taken from a well-chosen point of view, is worth many pages of verbal description. These illustrations alone give Mr. Sweeting's book a value far exceeding that of many more pretentious and elaborate compilations.

Having said so much in praise, we may go on to express our regret that the author has not made greater use of the valuable materials which he has collected. It is too often the fault of antiquaries that they are satisfied with bringing together masses of facts and details, and never take the trouble to digest them, or to draw general inferences from them. Mr. Sweeting has carefully prepared the ground for those who may follow him, and has done his best to abridge their labour by providing elaborate indices of the proper names, places, subjects, and authorities occurring in his volume; but nowhere has he given us, in a connected form, the result of his own inquiries as to the art, or the religion, or the manners and customs, of the people and the places which he describes. Herein is he most unlike the late Mr. Kemble, whose luminous notes and introductions more than doubled the value of any work which he edited or compiled. As an illustration of our meaning, we cannot help regretting that Mr. Sweeting, who has carefully examined the value of benefices in the *Valor Ecclesiasticus* and the "King's Books," has not given his readers a general notion of what livings were worth in those days, considering the then value of money, and the deductions that were made from the gross income by tenths, first-fruits, synodals, procurations, "portions," pensions, and the like. Again, it would be very interesting to know something more about the scale and scheme of pensions by which, at the suppression of the monasteries, every life interest was provided for. Who knows but that some precedents may be wanted in case of future disestablishment? Once more, the whole system of "chantries" needs further illustration. There can be no doubt, for instance, that the chantry-priests in a parish answered the purpose of the numerous and important class of "assistant-curates" among ourselves. And considering the present most unsatisfactory status of those gentlemen—who are without legal rights and under the absolute power of their bishops, and who have not even a voice in the election of the proctors of the clergy in Convocation (whatever that may be worth)—many have thought, with some Church reformers of our day, that the restoration of something like chantries, or subordinate endowments, as distinguished from mere stipendiary payments, would be most desirable. We gather from one notice, under the head of Marholm Church, by Mr. Sweeting, that in some cases at least the endowment of an ancient chantry maintained not only the chaplain but a certain number of old bedesmen. These lay charities were destroyed along with the chaplaincies, though not without compensation, at the suppression. It is evident that the numerous almshouses and colleges for old people founded in the seventeenth century, generally with their own separate chapels but often without chaplains, would have been in earlier days chantries within the parish church, the clergyman attached to them being bound—or at least expected—to help the rector or vicar in his pastoral duties.

Mr. Sweeting's examination of the parish registers remaining in the churches which he visited has been most painstaking. But is there not a mistake in giving 1538 as the earliest date of the Castor

Registers? This is so unusually early that some explanation of the circumstance seems necessary. The registers of St. John Baptist's Church, Peterborough, record the awful visitation of the plague there in 1665-6. The pestilence lasted nineteen months, and Simon Gunton, the vicar (who was afterwards the historian of the cathedral), signed every page of the funerals with a pious ejaculation of thanksgiving, in Latin, for his own safety. The Thorney Registers were kept in Latin as late as 1735—the common form for baptism being "sacrum lavacrum accepit," and for "buried in woollen," "panno laneo convolutus." Sometimes, as in the case of a son of Lord Fitzwilliam, of Milton, in 1699, it is recorded that the burial was not in woollen, and that the fine was paid. It is seldom, we believe, that registers take any notice of the tax imposed by Parliament in 1783, and which lasted till 1794, of threepence upon every entry except those of paupers. But the Vicar of St. Mary's, Whittlesey, is very plainspoken about it. He writes:—

In the beginning of this month the nasty three penny Tax took place, and as I expect from the great Number of poor and the rebellious Humour of the Parishioners, to collect but few threepences I shall mark those that pay with V in the Baptisms and Burials. N.B. as people are most frequently openhearted on the day of Marriage, I expect most of my Parishioners will pay ye 3d. on that occasion. I shall therefore mark those that do not pay with a V.

Afterwards, it is added,

I squeezed 3d. from many a poor wretch ill able to give even so much to Government I am afraid—I think I ought not to urge quite so hard.

The dying out of certain Christian names is very singular. These Registers frequently record many names now seldom or never heard of—such as Benta, Lettice, Easter, Custance, and Avis. The latter, however, survives in Essex; and we have ourselves heard of its being given, very lately, in Worcestershire. Doubtless many an intended Avis among the poor has been christened Alice by clergymen who, not being archaeologists, had no knowledge of the former name. Mr. Sweeting quotes some very singular bequests. For instance, there is, in the parish of St. John Baptist, Peterborough, a benefaction, by Bishop White, of 10*l.* annually, to be divided among twenty poor people who can recite the Lord's Prayer, the Creed, and the Ten Commandments distinctly. The small sums bequeathed in some cases are very remarkable. For example, one John Gregory in 1498 leaves "three pence" to each of the three guilds in Peterborough. In his will occurs the word *mortuarium*, signifying the sum given at death in composition for tithes or offerings accidentally forgotten. Word and thing are now disused; but we find, as late as 1762, the "mortuary" spoken of as being paid for a certain lady to the Rector of Paston. In the last-named parish a very curious book of Easter dues and offerings, from 1608 to 1632, is preserved in the rectory. Each considerable house seems to have paid "a wax shott," otherwise "a warscot," *ceragium*, "according to Spelman a tax paid towards the charge of candles in churches"; and also a "mayne port," which the author explains, from Cowell, as "*in manu portatum*, a small tribute of bread given in lieu of certain tithes."

Mr. Sweeting has found little of legendary lore in his researches. He quotes a curious account of a reputed miracle of healing by "Our Lady of Eldernell" at Whittlesey; and mentions a popular belief in the parish of Paston that a certain great benefactor, Edmund Mountstephen, who died in 1635, would reappear every hundred years. Of bell-legends we find few that are good, but several that are very uncommon. Here is one of the basest we ever met with:—"John Scott did pay for me One hundred pounds and odd money." This is at Glington, and is dated 1798. Two at Whittlesey, cast in 1758, are little better. Here is one:—"The five old bells into six was run, with additional metal near a tun." And the other is scarcely less remarkable in its own way:—"Prosperity to the Establish'd Church of England, and no Encouragement to Enthusiasm." A bell at Orton Waterville is inscribed thus:—"Protege prece pia quos convoco Sancta Maria 1606 T. N." The date makes this very unaccountable. Here is a puzzle, hitherto unexplained—unless it merely means "S. Paul"—from an ancient bell, with what are called Lombardic letters, at Fletton:—"S. P. A. L. L. E." For the benefit of those who are interested in the mottoes on sun-dials we quote one from Yaxley Church:—"Post est occasio calva." A foot-note reminds us that the first part of the verse, here omitted, is "Fronte capillata," and that Bacon, quoting the line in his *Essays*, thus translates it—"For Occasion turneth a Bald Noddle, after she hath presented her locks in front, and no Hold taken." Far better is the motto from Elsworth, near Cambridge—"Mox Nox." Of epitaphs we do not find any very remarkable examples in this volume. We shall be glad to meet Mr. Sweeting in another edition, and (should he be inclined to undertake a greater task) in that county history of Huntingdonshire which, as he has reminded us, is still a desideratum.

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UNIVERSITY COLLEGE, London.—POLITICAL ECONOMY.—Professor T. E. CLIFFE LESLIE will commence a COURSE OF TWELVE LECTURES on Tuesday, October 13, at 6.30 p.m., and will continue the Course on succeeding Thursdays and Tuesdays at the same hour. Fee, 21 s. Sessions: Common Errors—Practical Importance of Economic Education—Progressive Development of Political Economy—Effects of Consumption on Production and Trade—Choice of Occupation—Capital and Labour—Wages and Profit—Land—Population—The Economic Future. Candidates for the Ricardo Scholarship in Political Economy, of 120 per annum for Three Years, which will be awarded in November 1869, must have attended the above Course, and a Second Course, to begin on Tuesday, April 6, 1869. Further information may be obtained at the Office of the College.

JOHN ROBSON, B.A., Secretary to the Council.

KING'S COLLEGE, London.—DEPARTMENT OF APPLIED SCIENCES.—A COURSE OF LECTURES IN NATURAL PHILOSOPHY, to prepare Students for the Matriculation and First B.Sc. Examinations of the University of London, will commence on Monday, October 12. On the same day the New PHYSICAL LABORATORY will be opened, where students may acquire a thorough practical knowledge of the subjects of Heat, Light, Electricity, and other branches of Practical Physics. For particulars, apply to

J. W. CUNNINGHAM, Esq., Secretary.

ANIMAL PHYSIOLOGY, KING'S COLLEGE, London.—EVENING CLASSES.—The COURSE OF LECTURES on this subject (intended to meet the requirements of Candidates for the B.A. and B.Sc. Examinations at the London University) commences on the 14th instant, at 8 p.m. Fee for the Course, 31s. 6d.—Tickets may be procured at the College Office, where also further particulars may be obtained.

UNIVERSITY OF EDINBURGH.—THE SESSION will commence on Monday, November 2, 1868.

Full details as to CLASSES, EXAMINATIONS, DEGREES, &c. &c., in Divinity, Arts, Science, Law, and Medicine, together with a List of the General Council, will be found in the "Edinburgh University Calendar" 1868-9, published by Messrs. EDMONSTON & DOUGLAS, 85 Princes Street, Edinburgh. Price 2s. 6d., by post, 2s. 10d. By Order of the Senatus.

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MONSIEUR DE FONTANIER'S COURSE OF FRENCH INSTRUCTION. Lectures, Classes, and Private Lessons, for Civil and Military Candidates, &c., continue to be held at King's College, and at his residence. The New Examination-Papers are now ready. The COMPOSITION CLASS is held on Wednesdays and Saturdays, from Four till Eight, at 14 Devonshire Street, Portland Place, W.

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12 Dessert Forks....	1 20 0	7 0 0	10 0 0	1 10 0
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12 Tea Spoons....	14 0 0	19 0 0	1 10 0	1 20 0
6 Egg Spoons, gilt bowls.....	9 0 0	12 0 0	12 0 0	13 6 0
2 Sauce Ladles....	6 0 0	8 0 0	8 0 0	8 0 0
1 Gravy Spoon....	6 0 0	8 6 0	9 0 0	9 6 0
2 Salt Spoons, gilt bowls.....	3 0 0	4 0 0	4 0 0	4 6 0
1 Mustard Spoon, gilt bowl....	1 6 0	2 0 0	2 0 0	2 3 0
1 Pair of Sugar Tongs.....	2 6 0	3 6 0	3 6 0	4 0 0
1 Pair of Fish Carvers.....	19 6 0	1 30 0	1 30 0	1 30 0
1 Butter Knife....	3 0 0	4 0 0	4 0 0	4 3 0
1 Soup Ladle....	19 0 0	12 0 0	14 0 0	15 0 0
1 Sugar Sifter....	3 0 0	4 0 0	4 0 0	4 6 0
Total.....	9 16 11	11 16 0	12 8 6	13 2 6

Any article to be had singly at the same prices. An Oak Chest, to contain the above, and a relative number of Knives, &c., £2 15s.

A Second Quality of Fiddle Pattern

Table Spoons and Forks.... £1 2 0 per Doz.
Dessert Spoons and Forks... 0 16 0 "
Tea Spoons..... 0 10 0 "
Tea and Coffee Sets, Dish Covers and Corner Dishes, Cruet and Liqueur Frames, &c., at proportionate prices.
All kinds of Re-plating done by the Patent Process.

FENDERS, STOVES, FIRE-IRONS, and CHIMNEY-PIECES.—Buyers of the above are requested, before finally deciding, to visit WILLIAM S. BURTON'S SHOW-ROOMS. They contain such an assortment of Fenders, Stoves, Ranges, Chimney-pieces, Fire-irons, and General Ironmongery, as cannot be approached elsewhere, either for variety, novelty, beauty of design, or excellence of workmanship. Bright Stoves, with ornate ornaments, £3 8s. to £23 10s.; Bronze Fenders, with standards, 7s. to £5 12s.; Steel Fenders, £3 3s. to £11; ditto, with rich ornate ornaments, from £3 3s. to £18; Chimney-pieces, from £1 8s. to £100; Fire-irons, from 3s. 3d. the set to £4 4s. The Burton and all other Patent Stoves with radiating hearth-plates.

FURNITURE, in complete suites for Bedroom, of Mahogany, Birch, Fancy Woods, Polished and Japanned Deal, always on show. These are made by WILLIAM S. BURTON, at his manufactory, 54 Newman Street, and every article is guaranteed. China Toilet Ware in great variety, from 4s. Set of Five Pieces.

TEA URNS of LONDON MAKE ONLY.—The largest assortment of London-made TEA URNS in the world (including all the recent novelties, many of which are registered) is on sale at WILLIAM S. BURTON'S, from 30s. to £6.

BEDDING MANUFACTURED on the Premises, and guaranteed by WILLIAM S. BURTON.

FOR BEDSTEADS, WIDE	3 Feet 6 Inches	4 Feet 6 Inches	5 Feet.
Best Straw Palliasses.....	£ s. d. 13 0	£ s. d. 15 0	£ s. d. 18 0
Best French Alva Mattresses.....	13 0	16 0	18 0
Best Cotton Flock Mattresses.....	18 6	1 2 6	1 6 6
Coloured Wool Mattresses.....	1 0 0	1 5 0	1 8 6
Best Brown Wool Mattresses.....	1 5 6	1 11 6	1 14 6
Best Brown Do., extra thick.....	1 8 6	1 16 0	1 19 0
Good White Wool Mattresses.....	1 14 0	2 3 0	2 7 0
Extra Super Do. Do.	3 0 0	3 13 0	4 1 0
Good Horse Hair Do.	2 5 0	2 18 0	3 6 6
Extra Super Do.	3 10 0	3 18 0	4 10 0
German Spring Hair Stuffing.....	3 12 6	4 7 6	4 15 0
Extra Super Do.	4 10 0	5 10 0	6 0 0
French Wool and Hair Mat- tress for use over spring.....	2 17 0	3 15 0	4 4 0
Extra Super Do. Do.	3 17 0	5 0 0	5 11 0
Feather Beds, Poultry, in Good Tick.....	1 16 0	2 7 0	
Do. Do. Grey Goose, in Bor- dered Linen Ticks.....	3 10 0	5 0 0	5 13 6
Do. Do. Best White Do. in Best Linen.....	4 17 0	6 17 6	7 12 0

Feather Pillows, 3s. 6d. to 14s.; Bolsters from 6s. to 29s. 6d.

Down Pillows from 10s. 6d. to 17s. 6d.

Blankets, Counterpanes, and Sheets in every variety.

PATENT IRON BEDSTEADS, fitted with Dovetail Joints and Patent Sacking on Castors, from 11s. to 24s.

Ornamental Iron and Brass Bedsteads in great variety, from £1 4s. to £45 5s.

GASOLIERES in GLASS or METAL.

The increased and increasing use of Gas in private houses has induced WILLIAM S. BURTON to collect from the various Manufacturers in Metal and Glass all that is new and choice in Brackets, Pendants, and Chandeliers, adapted to offices, passages, and dwelling rooms, as well as to have some designed expressly for him; these are ON SHOW over his TWENTY LARGE ROOMS, and present, for novelty, variety, and purity of taste, an unequalled assortment. They are marked in plain figures, at prices proportionate with those which have tended to make his establishment the largest and most remarkable in the kingdom, viz. from 12s. 6d. (two-light) to £23.

DISH COVERS and HOT-WATER

DISHES, in every variety, and of the newest and most recherche patterns, are on show at WILLIAM S. BURTON'S. Block Tin, 19s. the Set of Six; elegant modern patterns, 35s. 6d. to 49s. 6d. the Set; Britannia Metal, with or without silver-plated handles, £3 2s. to £6 8s. the Set of Five; electro-plated, £9 to £26 the Set of Four. Block Tin Hot-Water Dishes, with wells for gravy, 12s. to 30s.; Britannia Metal, 22s. to 80s.; electro-plated, on nickel, full size, £9.

CUTLERY WARRANTED.—The most varied assortment of TABLE CUTLERY in the world, all warranted, is on sale at WILLIAM S. BURTON'S, at prices that are remunerative only because of the largeness of the sales.

IVORY HANDLES.	Table Knives per Dozen.	Dessert Knives per Dozen.	Carvers per Dozen.
34-inch Ivory Handles.....	s. d. 13 0	s. d. 19 6	s. d. 50 0
34-inch Fine Ivory Balance Handles.....	18 0	14 0	59 0
4-inch Ivory Balance Handles.....	21 0	16 0	59 0
4-inch Fine Ivory Handles.....	28 0	21 0	80 0
4-inch Finest African Ivory Handles.....	34 0	27 0	120 0
Do., with Silver Ferrules.....	42 0	35 0	134 0
Do., Carved Handles, Silver Ferrules.....	55 0	45 0	164 0
Nickel Electro-Silver Handles.....	25 0	19 0	76 0
Silver Handles, of any Pattern ..	84 0	54 0	210 0

BONE AND HORN HANDLES.
KNIVES AND FORKS PER DOZ.
White Bone Handles..... 13 6 11 0 34
Do., Balance Handles..... 23 0 17 0 44
Black Horn-Rimmed Shoulders .. 18 0 15 6 44
Do., very Strong Riveted Handles 12 6 9 6 34

The largest Stock in existence of Plated Dessert Knives and Forks, and Fish-eating Knives and Forks and Carvers.

PAPIER MÂCHÉ and IRON TEA-TRAYS.—An assortment of TEA-TRAYS and WAITERS, wholly unprecedented, whether as to extent, variety, or novelty.

New Oval Papier Mâché Trays
per Set of Three..... from 29s. to 10 guineas.
Ditto Iron ditto..... from 10s. to 4 guineas.
Convex-shape ditto..... from 7s. 6d.
Round and Gothic Waiters and Bread Baskets
equally low.

BATHS and TOILET WARE.

WILLIAM S. BURTON has ONE LARGE SHOW-ROOM devoted exclusively to the display of BATHS and TOILET WARE. The Stock of each is at once the largest, newest, and most varied ever submitted to the public, and marked at prices proportionate with those that have tended to make his establishment the most distinguished in this country. Portable Showers, 7s. 6d.; Pillar Showers, £3 to £5 12s.; Nursery, 15s. to 32s.; Sponging, 14s. to 32s.; Hip, 14s. to 31s. 6d. A large assortment of Gas Furnace, Hot and Cold Plunge, Vapour and Camp Shower Baths. Toilet Ware in great variety, from 15s. 6d. to 45s. the Set of Three.

CLOCKS, CANDELABRA, BRONZES,

and LAMPS.—WILLIAM S. BURTON invites inspection of his Stock of these, displayed in two large Show-rooms. Each article is of guaranteed quality, and some are objects of pure Vertu, the productions of the first Manufacturers of Paris, from whom WILLIAM S. BURTON imports them direct.

Clocks..... from 7s. 6d. to £45.
Candelabra..... from 13s. 6d. to £16 10s. per Pair.
Bronzes..... from 18s. to £16 16s.
Lamps, Modérateur from 6s. to £9.
Pure Colza Oil, 3s. 4d. per Gallon.